PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
SEP 5 1946

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXII. No. 807. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
Comments	89
What Hope for India's Peace? By H. N. Brailsford	91
Report on Germany. By James P. Warburg	92
Westminster Diary. By Phineas	93
Too Healthy. By Sagittarius	93
The Egyptian Scene	94
An Eye for an Eye. By Lionel Fielden	94
A Legend of Uno. By Alex. Comfort	95
Government Films and Second-Features	95
English Painting and French Taste. By Roger Marvell	96
Don Pasquale—I. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	96
The Movies. By William Whitebait	97
Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West	97
This England	98
Correspondence: From Lord Horder; Archibald Robertson; Teddy Kollek; Horace Wyatt; E. Chambers; Karl Ausch; A. S. Neill; E. H. Bartmanns; and Others.	98
Books in General. By Graham Hough	101
Reviews:	Page
Confessions of an Anglo-American. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.	102
A Highbrow on High Hills. By Arnold Lunn	102
Detection and Thrills. By Ralph Partridge	103
Country Knowledge. By V. Sackville-West	104
Resistance or Acquiescence? By Lyall Wilkes, M.P.	104
Shorter Notice	105
Week-end Competitions	105

"IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY"

At the end of ten days' acrimonious discussions of procedure, culminating in a debate on voting whose interminable convolutions prostrated the interpreters, the Paris Conference has accepted the British compromise formula: there are to be two grades of recommendation from the Conference to the Big Four, one endorsed by a two-thirds majority, the other by a simple majority. Both grades will be given "consideration" by the Powers when they write the final text of the five Peace Treaties, but greater weight will obviously be given to those with seventeen out of the twenty-one votes behind them. "It was a famous victory"—if not for Mr. Evatt, whose motion that all recommendations should be carried by a simple majority was lost by eleven votes to nine, but at any rate for the British Delegation. The little Peterkins of today, however, may well ask what all the fighting was about, and what has been gained in substance by anybody from the compromise now adopted.

The Russian standpoint, argued indefatigably by Mr. Molotov, has been clear enough from the outset. It was realised in Moscow that the agreements laboriously secured at the meeting of the four Foreign Secretaries were precarious, in the sense that neither Mr. Byrnes nor Mr. Bevin was genuinely satisfied with all the decisions in which a process of hard bargaining had ended. Accordingly, the Russians suspected that, when it came to writing the final texts, both the British and the Americans might welcome a chance to urge amendment of the original drafts (without being accused of second thoughts) by invoking recommendations from the "Twenty-one." It was also obvious to Mr. Molotov that, with only seven "reliable" votes in the Russian bloc, there would be a grave risk of recommendations unpalatable to the U.S.S.R. being endorsed by a simple majority, if the Western Members of the Quadrumvirate voted against him or even abstained. His protracted insistence, therefore, on the two-thirds majority rule, on which the Big Four had agreed, was logical.

The compromise adopted absolves the British and American delegations from the charge that they paid no regard to the smaller nations. Whether Mr. Byrnes, in joining with the majority in voting against Mr. Evatt's motion, was actuated by a sense of Big Four solidarity, or by a desire not to have a precedent set which might be inconvenient at a subsequent conference on the future of the Pacific, is a matter for speculation. What is certain is that the procedural compromise can have only one result, so far as the meeting of the Big Four, which is to follow the Paris Conference, is concerned. More amendments will have to be considered than Mr. Molotov would like; and the chances of renewed disagreement between the Big Four are somewhat increased but, again, not as much as Mr. Molotov had feared. If the final texts of the treaties are ever to be written, unity of the Big Four is essential; and that the British procedural amendment does nothing to promote. The struggle in the *Salle des Pas Perdus* has been a sham-fight with shadows and victory means merely that the real battle is transplanted to another field.

Middle East and Strategy

The British Government has now reacted to the Tudeh-organised strike in the Anglo-Iranian oilfields. It has sent Indian troops to Basra and issued a conciliatory statement on the improvement of working conditions. It is doubtful whether these measures will have the desired effect. Neither the Persian Government nor the Arab League requires a speech from Mr. Churchill to appreciate the deterioration of the British position in the Middle East which has resulted from Mr. Bevin's Palestinian policy. Almost five full divisions—not to mention a considerable portion of the R.A.F. and the British Navy—which should now be providing the armed support for British policy throughout the area, have been committed in an operation against the Palestinian Jews which may well alienate America and leave Britain, in default of Egypt, without a secure Middle Eastern base. Nor has Mr. Bevin's policy won us Arab support. No doubt the Arab League would be willing, if we really crushed the Zionist Movement and wound up the National Home, to permit us to maintain British troops in an independent Arab State of Palestine. But the Palestinian Arabs, as their higher Committee has now made clear, see no reason why Egypt should be cleared of British troops at their expense. If the Arab League toys with the British proposals for provincial autonomy, they are threatening to denounce such a betrayal of principles and to appeal over its head to the Arab peoples for a holy war against the British invader. Not unnaturally, developments in Palestine have adversely affected the Egyptian Treaty negotiations. In an article on another page, a correspondent describes the Egyptian political scene and indicates that the point of contention is now the precise powers of the proposed Anglo-Egyptian Defence Committee. The greater the difficulties in the way of making Palestine a British base, the more tenaciously the Egyptians will fight against any attempt on our part to stay in Egypt under cover of joint consultations prior to actual war. The more imminent the threat of Anglo-Russian conflict, the less will be the inclination of the Egyptians to commit themselves to our aid, and the greater their desire to exploit our weakness by raising the issue of the Sudan.

Illegal Immigration

The tense situation at Haifa, caused by the arrival of a small fleet crowded with illegal immigrants, has suddenly called public attention to one of the unsolved dilemmas of the Palestine Administration. Illegal immigration, mostly by ship but also across the Lebanese frontier, was one of the inevitable results of the White Paper. The "Struma" incident, in which 700 Jewish refugees lost their lives, partly at least owing to procrastination by the High Commissioner, has made the authorities unwilling to turn the ships back. Up till now, when a ship was captured, the immigrants, after a short period of detention, were freed and their numbers subtracted from the quota. Since they could not be sent back to Europe, this was the only alternative to interning them overseas in Eritrea or the Seychelles, thus raising a legitimate storm of indignation. If, owing to the quota figures already being largely

exceeded, this latter course were now adopted, the last hope of co-operation between the Mandatory and the Jews would disappear. Nor would it stop the migrants. Since the war the Zionists, often with the tacit consent of American military authorities and of Unrra, have organised a remarkably efficient "underground" by which Jews from Eastern Europe go, first, to Displaced Persons' camps in Germany and Austria, and then on to Palestine. How efficient this has been is shown by the fact that the number of Jews in D.P. camps has grown, from the 98,000 counted last February by the Anglo-American Committee, to close on 150,000, an increase of 10,000 a month despite a steady flow from the camps to Palestine. The Russians—not to mention the Polish, Hungarian and Rumanian Governments—have refused to close their frontiers and prevent this embarrassment to the Western Powers. It should be clear by now that the stopping of illegal immigration, like the suppression of terrorism, can only be accomplished in co-operation with the Jewish Agency—unless indeed we are prepared for military action both against the Palestine Jews and against the displaced Jews in Europe as well.

The Palestine Plan

Last week's debate on Palestine gave little hope. Having "disassociated itself"—whatever that may mean—from General Barker's anti-Semitic order, the Cabinet has left General Barker in charge. Apparently its intention was to go ahead with military operations against the terrorists, while simultaneously publishing the new proposals as an inducement to moderates such as Dr. Weizmann to resume co-operation. Even if the plan itself had had any novel merits, they would have been cancelled out by the continued detention of Dr. Weizmann's colleagues and by the open hostility between the British administrators and soldiers and the whole Jewish community. Nor have the military operations achieved their purpose. It is now admitted that the cumbersome house to house search in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv has not broken the Irgun. Both the Irgun and the Haganah illegal radio stations are broadcasting as before, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Haganah has arrived safely in Paris to participate in a meeting of the Jewish Agency at which the British proposals were turned down flat. Meanwhile, Mr. Bevin is learning the difficulty of obtaining Mr. Truman's support for a policy which every Jew regards as a direct assault upon his people. Mr. Truman cannot afford to disregard the Jewish vote, however vital it may be to American oil interests to bolster up the British position in the Middle East, and keep on good terms with the Arab League. It is not out of the question, however, that the President may be able to suggest alterations in the British Plan—in the direction of partition which would make it acceptable to sensible Jewish opinion.

Unrra's Future

The activities of Unrra are due to come to an end, unless further provision is made, this December in Europe and next March in the Far East. Actually, if Unrra comes to an end on the scheduled dates, much of the work for which it was planned will be left undone. It is all very well to say that the countries which have been receiving aid ought now to be able to get it in the form of short-term credits under the Bretton Woods Fund or long-term credits from the International Bank—neither of which is yet in operation. Even if these bodies were working, they could not possibly meet the need. The Bretton Woods credits are too small; and the Bank is meant to invest in commercial operations, and not to administer relief, or even rehabilitation on a non-commercial basis. The Unrra countries still desperately need seeds, livestock for breeding, and agricultural implements, as well as more food and coal to tide them over next year as well as this. Unrra's latest report puts the sheer food needs of its commitments in Europe for 1946-7 at 750 million dollars for imports, after scaling down an estimate of 1,100 million dollars, simply on the ground that the full amount, though needed, cannot be got. To meet this Unrra has 300 million dollars, which will all be gone by the end of 1946. It puts the need for seed at 60 million dollars and the need for fertilisers at 140 million. Fuel calls for another 150 million. In all, Unrra requires at least an additional 750 million dollars, if it is to carry the burden for another harvest year. That it should be renewed, and given the money, is surely a plain necessity. It means a further levy of half of one per cent. on the national incomes of the contributory countries.

Second Thoughts on Steel

It was obvious, when Mr. Van der Bijl was invited here from South Africa for discussions with the Ministry of Supply, that the steelmakers are offering considerable opposition to the Government's intention to set up an Iron and Steel Control Board. Like the electricity companies, they dislike the idea of giving technical advice on plans designed to liquidate them. The Government, moreover, appears to be thinking twice about the difficulties involved in the original proposal to nationalise the industry only to a certain point in the production process. At the time, it was pointed out that there were serious technical obstacles to the horizontal division of the industry. It seems probable that this suggestion will be dropped and that the Government will instead take advantage of the vertical combines in the industry to take a controlling interest in the major firms, thus acquiring control throughout the whole process of steelmaking. Whether this will mean "nationalisation" to the extent to which the Government has already committed itself depends on how large a part of the industry is thus brought under State ownership and how much is left in private hands after the Government has acquired its controlling interest. It would be a serious retreat, however, if the net result were to establish the kind of partnership between heavy industry and the State which had such unfortunate results in Weimar Germany. If the State is to accept responsibility for the expansion and efficient operation of the British steel industry, then it must ensure that whatever control agency it establishes must be strong enough to meet any obstruction from the steelmasters, both in the interim period and after the changes have taken place.

The Re-inherited Family

Family Allowances, for second and subsequent dependent children, came into force this week. Though there is no means test attached to them, a considerable number of parents will find themselves no better off under the scheme as it stands; for not only Public Assistance, but also rent rebates and a number of other allowances (but not court affiliation orders) will be readjusted to take account of the new source of income. Still, most households with two or more children will benefit, though not to the full extent of Lord Beveridge's original proposal, and certainly not to an extent that will cover the cost of keeping the children. It seems unlikely that the allowances, by themselves, will have any appreciable effect on the birth-rate. Looking back over the long controversy which preceded the acceptance of Family Allowances, one finds something odd in the complete acceptances of them now. Most of the Trade Unions were for a long time against them, on the ground that they would adversely affect wages; but that aspect of the matter has not been even mentioned of late, and no one seriously expects the introduction of the system to have any effect at all on wage-bargaining. Payment to the mother also is now almost unanimously accepted as the right solution; and the people who used to talk about undermining parental responsibility seem to have faded away. Miss Rathbone's long fight for "the disinherited family" has achieved its purpose, though she is not alive to see her dreams come true. The next step will be to make the allowances more adequate in amount; the next after that, to extend them to cover the first child. Side by side with these developments, allowances in kind must be improved and amplified—especially school meals and milk all round the year. But whether any of this will have any bearing on the population problem—except in terms of quality—has still to be seen.

Living in New Towns

The third and final report of the Reith Committee on New Towns matches its predecessors in scope and in its progressive outlook on the means necessary to promote a healthy and balanced social life for expanding communities. It suggests, in the first place, that the establishment of completely new towns is preferable to the enlargement of existing centres, and that optimum population for the built-up area should be around forty thousand. The Committee rightly points out that the question of social distinctions may be as important to the balance of a community as its economic structure: this question cannot be solved merely by ignoring it. The suggestion that the agency creating the town should finance and provide shop premises is as sensible as the proposal that cinemas, museums, libraries and other public amenities should be planned on a sort of sliding scale to keep pace with the expansion of the society they are serving. The report also comes out in favour of district heating, which is "entirely practicable in a commercial or industrial area." The Committee appends a discussion of the qualifications required from the team responsible for the planning and construction of new sites, and estimates that the cost of a town of fifty thousand people would range from £27 to £36 millions. Obviously there are some points in this report with which Mr. Silkin and his colleagues will differ; it is, however, a comprehensive and welcome discussion of the basic problems involved.

Blank Cheque for the Trustee

The draft which the Government has published of a new Trusteeship Agreement for Tanganyika is a most inadequate document, whose endorsement by the United Nations would form a lamentable precedent in the application of the Trustee system. Whereas Article 22 of the League Covenant made specific provisions for the safeguarding, for example, of land-tenure rights and fair conditions of labour for native peoples under mandatory rule, Clause 3 of the Tanganyika draft states simply that "the Administering Authority undertakes to administer Tanganyika in such a manner as to achieve the basic objectives of the International Trusteeship System laid down in Article 76 of the United Nations Charter." Since the Charter itself contains nothing but vague phrases, such as "progressive development" and "political and economic social and educational advancement," it is clear that Clause 3 in the hands of a weak Governor amenable to pressure from White settlers could be used to cover almost any degree of abuse. If it be argued that the Trusteeship Commission can elicit all the information required by the questionnaire which is to be sent periodically to each Trustee, the answer is that the Japs and others proved between the wars how easy it is to furnish deceptive replies to a questionnaire. Our forebodings as to the future treatment of Tanganyika, with a blank cheque thus given to the Trustee, are increased by the fact that the Draft provides that Tanganyika may be merged into "a customs, fiscal, or administrative union or federation with adjacent territory." Under cover of this provision, the White Settlers of Kenya may hope to become masters of all East Africa, regardless of the interests of the native Africans.

WHAT HOPE FOR INDIA'S PEACE ?

Mr. Jinnah's brusque rejection of the Cabinet Mission's settlement has shattered our hopes of an easy birth for Indian Independence. Our resolve to end our rule over the Peninsula is still the decisive fact, but it is doubtful whether the plan worked out at New Delhi with so much patience can be made workable by patching. In retrospect I realise that I ought to feel no surprise at this initial reverse. Indian opinion, thanks largely to Gandhi's generosity, did come to recognise the Mission's sincerity, but for its plan there was never a popular welcome. Though Independence seemed to be in sight, I never saw during my five months' stay a sign of rejoicing. No one felt any confidence in the future, and it was often the shrewdest observers who voiced the blackest pessimism.

What struck me most painfully was that there was no relaxation of the communal feud, even when, for a moment, both sides seemed to have accepted the settlement. The Muslim League went on abusing Congress with a violence as shocking as it was ridiculous. If the Viceroy had succeeded in getting an Interim Government together, would it ever have worked as a team? This was so obvious that it gave the radical Left Wing of Congress their most plausible reason for rejecting the whole scheme. The Viceroy, they argued, would still be the arbiter between the two main Indian parties, and Independence would be an illusion. This Socialist group, which looks forward to a bitter and violent struggle, was decisively defeated when Congress met in full session, but it has had its influence, none the less, on the more moderate leaders. Even Gandhi, at the end, confessed that his Inner Light was dim; and he gave no advice, either for acceptance or rejection.

In this turbid atmosphere there is one achievement on which we may congratulate ourselves: The Constituent Assembly has been elected. Chosen by the provincial legislatures under proportional representation, it is a fair, and even a distinguished, reflection of Indian opinion. The Europeans wisely stood aside and, in addition to the chief party leaders, many non-party experts in various walks of life were chosen. Unhappily the Sikhs, now the most embittered of all the minorities, withdrew their candidates and will not be represented. Save for that flaw, here is a body well fitted to exercise sovereignty and to work out the shape of the Indian Union of to-morrow.

But before this Constituent Assembly could meet, the Muslim League has darkened its prospects by threatening to boycott it. This is a more serious threat than its preparations for "direct action." Muslims are capable of a formidable and aggressive solidarity, if they seriously believe that Islam is in danger. But do they yet believe that nonsense? The social composition of the upper ranks of the League is not suited to revolutionary action. Wealthy landowners and lawyers, many of them decorated with British titles, do not face prison gladly. Rioting there may be, but organised resistance on a big scale will not come in a hurry. To belittle Mr. Jinnah's influence for such reasons would, however, be foolish. His real power lies in his ability to boycott the Constituent Assembly. If it were to sit with only a handful of Nationalist Muslims on its benches, the Constitution it drafted would not bind the Muslim masses and could have no finality. With this weapon in his hand, Mr. Jinnah will use all his formidable gifts as a tactician to extort from Congress, or from the British Government, a settlement nearer to his ambitions. That, indeed, is a relatively optimistic forecast. My own doubt is whether he wants a settlement at all: he may reckon that after some years of struggle and confusion the Muslims will be stronger than they are to-day.

Where does the main difficulty lie? Everyone has grasped the two obstacles to the formation of an Interim Government. First, the League demanded Hindu-Muslim parity in numbers. Secondly, Mr. Jinnah publicly vetoed the nomination of any non-League Muslim. This was a challenge Congress could not ignore, for it owes much to the moral courage of its Muslim adherents. But the gravest difficulty of all is that Congress accepted the Mission's plan with inner reservations. When these were disclosed by its newly-elected President, Jawaharlal Nehru, in a reckless statement to the press, the Muslims had some excuse for their accusation that he had torn up the compromise they had accepted. Each side, in the protracted discussions with the Mission, had yielded something substantial to the other. The Muslims accepted the idea of an Indian Union, but its scope was limited to three subjects—foreign affairs, defence and communications. In doing so, they declared in flamboyant language that their ultimate aim was still absolute separation. On its side Congress, however reluctantly, did accept the Mission's plan for the grouping of provinces within the Union. Not much of this was left after Nehru's unlucky statement. He made it clear that in the Assembly Congress would do its utmost to prevent the formation of the two Muslim groups, B and C. He then went on to say that the Hindu provinces, which Congress controls, would refuse outright to form their group, A. In other words, "Hindustan" would never come into existence.

This is really the crux of the matter. Like all progressive Indians, the leaders of Congress are bent on building up a strong Centre, which can take charge of economic planning as well as external affairs. In this field the Centre, as the Mission sketched it, would be impotent. It could not touch economic planning; it could not manage customs, tariffs, currency or credit; it could not even deal on an All-India footing with such an emergency as the present famine. But it is precisely over this economic charter of the Settlement that the Muslims have been and will be unyielding. They know their own backwardness; they dread the power of Hindu Big Business; they talk of Hindu capitalists much as the Nazis talked about the Jews. They mean, therefore, to do their own economic planning and they rely on tariffs to further their own ends. Congress, confronting this impasse, might have contented itself with a second-best. With "Hindustan" (the "group A" provinces) under its sway, it could have done its own economic planning over an area that comprises two-thirds of the Peninsula. This prospect it has rejected: indeed, it was hardly discussed. The view of the leaders was that an Indian Union with three or even four foci would be incapable of healthy life.

The result of the rejection of the "Hindustan" idea is that Congress is now bent on enlarging the functions of the Indian Union. Nehru's argument was that it must deal with customs and tariffs; that it should levy income tax; and that it should have power to override the autonomy of the provinces in a grave emergency. In theory this may be sound doctrine, but it was calculated to rouse all the fears that haunt the Muslims. The qualified version of Pakistan was vanishing: even provincial autonomy looked insecure.

Muslims saw the Hindu majority riding roughshod over them in the Constituent Assembly, and arming the Union with powers and functions they never intended to concede to it. This was not the way to induce them to adopt a more liberal attitude. Their narrowness and bigotry spring from their fear of Hindu numbers and Hindu finance.

What, now, is to be done? No hopeful expedient remains, save to hand over responsibility to Congress; let it form the most representative Interim Government it can get together, and deal as best it can with the boycott of the Constituent Assembly by the Muslims and Sikhs. We are bound by Mr. Attlee's declaration: no minority, not even this impressive Muslim minority, can be allowed to obstruct India's road to freedom. That is the first principle that should guide us. But it would be folly to suppose that the normal rules of democracy can work in this situation, without a generous disposition to compromise. The Hindu-Muslim feud was largely created by Tory policy; but it is now a hard fact, cemented by Mr. Jinnah's appeal to fanaticism. The lesser of his "Two Nations" will not bow to majority rule. Within reasonable limits there must be conciliation.

It was difficult for Congress to make concessions so long as it was being pressed by British Ministers and the Viceroy to do so. It went a long way under their persuasion, but all the negotiations were dogged by memories of the past, when the British conqueror ruled by dividing. Throw the whole responsibility unreservedly on Congress itself, and it may rise to the height of this great argument. It believes that the Muslims are its brothers, linked to it by the ties of nationality. Its main task must be, then, to win their confidence and awaken in them also a sense of India's unity. It will have to keep order and do it, if need be, with Indian troops. It would incur a fatal moral discredit if it used British arms to establish its authority. It cannot rely on coercion; it must conciliate and strive to awaken in this embittered minority some response to its own generosity.

In some form it will have to concede the substance of Pakistan. This idea was repugnant to it because it came draped in a reactionary commercial ideology. But there is much to be said for a grouping of certain provinces on a geographical footing. Quite apart from the fact that the North-Western provinces and States (Group 8) are predominantly Muslim, they form a natural geographical unit. Their economic life depends absolutely on the five great rivers to which they owe their fertility. If I may venture on a suggestion, it is that Congress should go into the Constituent Assembly with the purpose of discovering positive and useful functions for a group-organisation in this region. These provinces ought to control their rivers in common, which means that they should together plan and execute their schemes for hydro-electricity, irrigation, settlement on the land and water-transport. That would be an immense opportunity and it should benefit Hindus and Sikhs no less than Muslims. To satisfy the pride of the League, this group of provinces should enjoy some of the dignity and power of Statehood—its own flag for instance and its own coinage. On its spiritual side, by all means let it foster Islamic culture, subject only to a rule of toleration and equal civil rights for all. More could be done on Tennessee Valley lines to raise the economic standards of the Muslim population of the North-West, than by any of the devices prompted by communal rivalry. For the North-Eastern Group (C) much less can be urged and, if it should ever be formed, Assam, a mainly Hindu province, will certainly break it up by opting out of it.

In some such way Congress may be able to win over the League to a measure of collaboration. If it were to offer its positive help in building up a Pakistan group in the North-West, would Mr. Jinnah in his turn enlarge the functions of the Indian Union? At the least, it ought to have customs under its charge as well as defence, foreign policy and communications. But it would be pedantic at this stage to dwell on details. No constitution will work in India and no enduring constitution can be devised, unless the leaders of Congress can transform the atmosphere of to-day and win the trust of the Muslims. They might, for example, offer Mr. Jinnah the presidency of the Constituent Assembly. This ageing man is ambitious. If he really desires a settlement, could he win for himself a greater place than this, in history? A crown of glory will go to the architect of India's peace.

H. N. Brailsford

London, August 8.

REPORT ON GERMANY

[Mr. James P. Warburg, writer of the following Report, was a member of President Roosevelt's original "Brains Trust" and, during the war, was Deputy Director for American psychological warfare. He has just concluded a visit to all four Zones in Germany, and deals here with the Soviet and French Zones. His comments on the British and American Zones will follow, next week.]

EXCEPT for the fact that it requires quite a lot of red tape and a considerable quantity of patience, it is not much more difficult to pass behind the "iron curtain" into the Soviet Zone of occupation than it is to enter the other Zones.

Economically it is the best balanced of the four, being more than self-sufficient in the production of foodstuffs and containing large deposits of soft coal and other minerals as well as a considerable number of important industries. Politically it contains a large number of traditionally conservative Prussian peasants, a politically progressive industrial urban population in Saxony, and the three million inhabitants of Thuringia, who distinguished themselves by almost 90 per cent. adherence to Nazism. (Thuringia was Hitler's favourite Gau.)

What have the Russians done in this part of Germany? At first, by all accounts, their troops behaved with considerable brutality. To begin with, also, it seems to have been the policy of the Soviet Command to carry off to Russia whatever was not firmly nailed down. After the first few weeks, however, discipline was restored, and since then the Russian troops have apparently behaved on the whole about as well as the American. Certainly there is now no evidence of terror on the part of the German population. Likewise, after the first few weeks, Russian policy began to change with regard to reparations—swinging more and more away from the carrying off of the means of production toward their exploitation for Russian benefit. In Thuringia, for example, there are 6,272 industrial establishments; of these the Russians dismantled only 310; and of the 310 about 80 were able to get under way again with substitute machinery. In the Province of Saxony, where sugar is an important industry, the Russians removed the machinery from 14 out of 64 sugar mills, and Ehrhardt Huebener, the middle-of-the-road conservative German President of the Province, stated that he thought these removals, though painful, would not seriously affect the output of sugar. He made the same statement with regard to Saxon industry as a whole, adding significantly, "We Germans must not forget that we made a desert from the Vistula to the Volga." Sampling visits to specific industries in the Russian Zone show plants like Leuna going full blast making synthetic gasoline, Buna making synthetic rubber, and Zeiss making their famous optical instruments. How much of the output goes to Russia it is impossible to say . . .

There is no unemployment in the Russian Zone. Industry is, in fact, limited by manpower shortage. It is also limited by the absence of certain raw materials formerly imported and by the lack of certain parts, especially for machines, formerly manufactured in the Western Zones. There is a great need for tyres, as these were made mostly in Frankfurt and Hanover. On the whole, however, the Russian Zone suffers least of the four from the lack of free inter-zonal trade.

So far as agriculture is concerned, the Russians have, of course, introduced their much-discussed land reform—that is, they have broken up estates of over 250 acres and distributed them to former tenant farmers or to new settlers in farms of 12½ to 19 acres. Visiting some of these new farm owners, one has the impression that they are about the only people in Germany who are better off because of the war. They are full of confidence, in spite of the shortage of tools and fertilisers; both they and the German agricultural officials believe that they will get more out of the land than it formerly produced. The most important result of the land reform is, however, that it has broken the power of the Junker class, even though some of the richest landowning Junkers still have holdings in the Western Zones . . .

In de-Nazification the Russians have proceeded on two separate standards, one of which applies to public servants and the other to citizens engaged in industry and commerce. So far as public servants are concerned, there has been a thorough house-cleaning. In Thuringia, for example, 113,439 officials of various kinds were removed, among them 98 per cent. of the school teachers. In commerce and industry, the Russians have been content to remove the "big-shot" Nazis, many of whom had, as a matter of fact, fled into the Western Zones before the Russians arrived. The Zone is now governed largely by directives from Karlshorst, the Russian headquarters in Berlin. Each German *Land*, or Province, has a Russian Military Governor and a German President. The President and his four Vice-Presidents form the Praesidium—the executive body operating under broad instructions from the Russian authorities. There is an advisory council of ten from each of the three political parties and from the trade union federation, five from the Farm Co-operatives, three from the Chambers of Commerce, three from the Artisans Guilds, two from the Churches, and 13 picked as individuals by the Praesidium. There is as yet no elected legislative assembly, but elections are planned for this autumn. The courts function independently of the Executive.

The basic principle of the Russian Military Government seems to be: "Tell the Germans *what* you want and let them find out *how* to do it. Leave them alone as long as they deliver." They are delivering plenty; and that, rather than any idea of "Communisation," seems to be the Russian objective. From the point of view of accomplishing their own purposes, and also from the point of view of the German population of their Zone, the Russians seem to be doing the best job of any of the four occupying powers. Of course, they have the easiest Zone to manage successfully and the only Zone which produces a surplus of food. Also they have a psychological factor in their favour, which is lacking in the Western Zones: nothing they can do is as bad as what the guilt-ridden Germans expected of them. On the other hand, they are no doubt weakening the German economy as a whole, by taking out a large part of the production of their Zone, or using it to maintain and feed a huge Army of Occupation and its dependents.

* * *

The great surprise in the French Zone is that here one finds the sort of thing one had been led to expect—but did not find—in the Soviet Zone. The Russians have now apparently decided that they would rather have the golden eggs laid by the goose than the goose itself. The French, on the other hand, seem determined to have both the goose and the eggs.

The physical nature of the French Zone makes it difficult to operate, since it consists entirely of bits and pieces and contains no complete political or economic entities. Most of the Zone is rich agricultural territory, which, however, was never quite self-sufficient because a large part of the land is in orchards and vineyards. Not only are the French taking out most of the fruit and wine (much of which is being made into cognac) but they are also stripping the region of dairy cattle and even of draught animals. In certain areas of the Palatinate horses were being requisitioned in July, at the very moment when they were most badly needed to bring in the crops. Hence the normally easy-going farmers of this region are sullen and desperate. They could understand being made to give up a large part of their crop, but they cannot understand being deprived of the means of bringing in the harvest. To make matters worse, the Palatinate normally obtains its potatoes from Bavaria, from which it is now separated by an inter-zonal barrier. The result has been actual starvation. One well-informed American official estimated at least five thousand deaths a week.

In the industrial district of the Saar matters are in better shape. When necessary, the French have imported small amounts of food from France in order to maintain at least a minimum ration for the population, whom they hope eventually to incorporate as French citizens. The officials in charge of coal production in the Saar make no secret of the fact that France intends to annex this district. The argument is a curious reversal of that once used by Bismarck to justify the German annexation of Lorraine. The French say: "We are entitled to the Saar coal because we need it to go with the iron ore of Lorraine."

Whereas the Ruhr coal mines were privately owned, the mines of the Saar were the property of the Prussian State. Normally they produce some 14,500,000 tons of coal, about 90 per cent. as good as Ruhr coal. Under French management these properties are now producing at the rate of about 60 per cent. of 1939 output—as against 40 per cent. in the Ruhr. The chief reason why the French are more successful in extracting coal than the British is that they have brought back the mine managers who ran the Saar mines during the period when the region was under League of Nations' mandate pending the 1935 plebiscite. Another reason is that the French feed the miners somewhat better and give them three litres of wine per week. French authorities believe that, if another plebiscite were held to-day, the Saar would vote to be annexed to France. Few Germans in the Saar share this belief.

Throughout the French Zone one encounters examples of the spirit of extracting an eye for an eye. In noting such examples, however, it is necessary to bear in mind two things. First, the French have three times been invaded by the Germans within the last 76 years, and now fear that the amputation of Germany's Eastern Provinces and the compression of 15,000,000 German "expellees" into the rump of Germany will create pressure leading to a fourth invasion. Secondly, the French are not bound by the Potsdam Agreement, which prohibits the removal of plant and equipment other than that specified as potential war industry. Making due allowance for these two factors, it is still shocking to discover that the French are picking up one of the two tracks of the Freiburg-Muelheim-Offenburg railway, in order to divert the important north-south traffic to French lines on the other side of the Rhine; or that they have removed a surgical instrument plant, lock, stock and barrel.

In de-Nazification the French have been slower than any of the other occupying Powers. The French attitude seems to be that "A Boche is a Boche" and it doesn't matter whether or not he was also a Nazi. There are many cases where officials dismissed from the public services in the American Zone have crossed over and been re-employed at practically the same jobs by the French. There have been no elections in the Zone. The German officials are even more figureheads than in the British Zone. To be sure, each of the five regions has an *Oberregierungspresident* with a cabinet of so-called *Referenten*, but all of them operate under the closest French supervision. In fact, a high French official who explained this method of operation, complained that "Sometimes in interzonal dealings it is very awkward, because our Germans merely accompany a French officer and your Germans act on their own, which means that a German is put in a position to say 'No' to a French officer."

One may feel that, whatever the French do, as a matter of retributive justice the Germans have it coming to them. Nevertheless, it is a fact worth noting that the only Germans who look sullen, resentful and explosive are in the French Zone. And those who talk about turning to Communism in desperation are here rather than in the East.

JAMES P. WARBURG

(To be concluded.)

WESTMINSTER DIARY

DESPITE the obvious embarrassment of the Government, there was no sense of crisis during the Palestine Debate. The Cabinet was able to rely on solid Tory support and on the uneasy submissiveness of its own back-benchers. Many of them feel that someone has blundered, but the whole situation is so complicated that no one is prepared to condemn the Cabinet outright, or to do anything which might reduce the dwindling chances of a tolerable solution. Attendance was only moderate and it was remarkable how the chamber filled up on Wednesday when the Palestine debate was adjourned, in order to discuss the King's English as exemplified in the Highway Code, and to participate in the all-night frolic over Scots oats. Prayers against statutory instruments are a formidable weapon of the Opposition since they are exempted business. By praying every night against a dozen Orders in Council, the Opposition could make all-night sittings a daily routine. Prayers therefore are not popular with the Government Whips because they cannot be kept off the Order Paper, and must be debated. But they are often not at all unpopular with Labour back-benchers because Prayers give the Private Member one of his few chances to shine. This House is very much a House of Commons as well as two Party machines. Private Members' time was expelled at the beginning of the Session to speed up legislation. It has come back through the window of the Prayer. The Government back-benchers are beginning to learn the tactics of the House. For some time they have failed to see why fifteen Tories, as has happened on occasion, should keep two hundred Socialists up all night. On Wednesday, when they had had enough, a group of conspirators persuaded their colleagues to slip out into the Central Lobby, leaving one behind to ask for a count. The Labour Whips, who apparently thought this was below their dignity, refused to co-operate, and sat stolidly in the chamber while James Stewart, the Opposition Whip, tried to push his supporters through the milling group outside. Triumphantly, the House was counted out, despite the Whips of both sides, and the Socialist back-benchers walked home in the dawn light with a sense of parliamentary achievement.

* * *

Looking back over the Session, it is interesting to contrast the efficiency of Tory organisation in the House with their lack of policy and leadership. In Opposition, the back-bencher always has plenty of chances. But the Tory Whips have done much to encourage their new talent, and to train it in the tactics of Opposition. The human material was only moderate, but they made the best of it. The Opposition's failure has been on the front bench, where it is obviously equally difficult to dispense with Mr. Churchill as leader, and to keep him. On two important occasions, the Bretton Woods and Palestine debates, his failure to carry the Party with him has been unconcealed. Stanley, Butler, Hudson and Eden have had to assume the main responsibility, with untiring support from two excellent second rank Parliamentarians, Crookshank and Reid. "Happy" Willink is a good deal less happy in Opposition, and Thorneycroft and Hogg are burst bubbles. Harold Macmillan has demonstrated that the great proconsul may sound like Bertie Wooster's uncle in the atmosphere of the House of Commons. Really able administrators like Andrew Duncan, Sir John Anderson and Major Lloyd George, have failed to stay the pace of Opposition. Without a leader or a policy, but with a workmanlike organisation, the Tories have performed some excellent parliamentary tactics, but on no strategic plan. After 1931, Labour, as an insignificant minority, could fall back on the principles of Socialism and slowly rebuild its programme. The Conservative Party, whose only principle is that Tories should rule, have nothing to fall back on after the rout but sterile negation.

It is doubtful whether a programme of legislation has ever been pushed through with such parliamentary skill. One has only to compare the achievements of the Liberals in 1906 to realise what has been done. Chief credit for the planning of this must go to Herbert Morrison, and, in the early stages, he played a leading part in the House as well. Latterly, he has become increasingly obsessed with economic co-ordination inside the Cabinet Offices, and leadership inside the Parliamentary Party has tended to pass to the individual Ministers piloting the main bills, Dalton, Griffiths, Bevan and Shinwell. The back-benchers have seen little of the Prime Minister or the Foreign Secretary, but Clem Attlee has enormously increased his prestige and Mr. Bevin retains the confidence of everyone who does not worry too much about external affairs.

* * *

In administration the record is not so outstanding. Sir Ben Smith was probably rather unlucky in the sense that there are other Ministers whose defects are no less obvious. But they were not so much in the public eye. No one pretends he is content with the record of the War Office, the Ministry of Civil Aviation or the Ministry of Education during this Session. There are also some startling variations among the Parliamentary Under Secretaries, ranging from the outstanding success of Harold Wilson and Hector McNeil to a nadir which shall be nameless. There is no doubt a political necessity to retain a nice political balance between the claims of trade unions and intellectuals and of regional interests, but does this justify the presence of twelve miners in the Government? The next changes, whenever they come, will be critically examined.

* * *

The Labour back-benchers have survived a gruelling year without any serious break in morale. They have learnt that election speeches, even if well delivered, are ineffective in a House which demands some expert knowledge and serious argument. But increased competence and assurance inevitably produce increasing criticism of the Government. There is a widespread feeling that the system of Party Groups, worked out at the beginning of the session, has been successful mainly in absorbing time and energy which might otherwise have been better used on the floor of the House. The weekly Party meeting has so completely failed to provide a possibility of serious discussion that most Members do not bother to attend, and it is increasingly felt that the only criticism which the Government takes seriously is criticism which is made in public. So far this criticism has been limited to secondary issues affecting specialised groups, such as the Friendly Societies and the structure of the civil aviation corporations. So long as the Government maintains its record in home affairs, it has no reason to fear any serious revolt.

* * *

Very early in the Session the Party came to realise that foreign affairs was going to mean Ernest Bevin first and last. The Foreign Secretary has no very deep feeling either for the House of Commons, or for the Labour Party. At heart he remains a trade union leader, who regards both as "talking shops" and believes that serious business must be transacted outside them. He appreciates their applause and resents their criticism. In this Session most of the applause has come from the Opposition and the criticism from intellectuals on his own back benches. This has confirmed his identification of intellectuals and Russian agents. In pulverising the critics behind him, he feels that he is speaking for the English working man. So long as the Government's domestic policy is unaffected by Mr. Bevin's foreign policy, he will be supported by that solid phalanx of Labour M.P.s who do not worry about events across the Channel.

* * *

But how long will this period last? The Bournemouth Conference seemed at the time to be a signal triumph for Mr. Bevin. It may prove in retrospect to have been the high point of his prestige. The last weeks of the Session have been marked by increasing uneasiness among Members, who a few months ago supported his policy. Now, even those who used to defend his attitude to Greece, Spain and Palestine and explain away his passionate hatred of the U.S.S.R., are worried by that streak of egotism which makes him identify himself with Britain and use the first person singular more than any of his predecessors. In his Union and as Minister of Labour it was notorious that he never permitted potential rivals around him. His dislike of criticism has ensured that none of the three men with departmental duties relating to external affairs are dominant personalities. Increasingly throughout the Session he has come to rely on the advice of his permanent civic servants and of the Chiefs of Staff. Never has the Foreign Office had a master with a more monumental power of putting over its policy as his very own both to his own party and to the House of Commons. Instead of reforming the foreign service, as many Socialists hoped he would do, he has identified himself with it wholeheartedly, and repudiated as disloyalty to a devoted body of men any analysis of its failings or proposals for its improvement. So, too, in colonial affairs Mr. Hall has been content to give the trade mark of Socialism to the existing methods of his permanent Civil Service.

* * *

It cannot be said, however, that the critics have either shown themselves skilled Parliamentarians or offered any really constructive alternative to the policies of Mr. Bevin. Zilliacus, despite his remarkable knowledge of international organisation and the steady improvement of his debating technique, has alienated the House by associating with the small and unimportant group of crypto-Communists. Seymour Cocks has not repeated his successes of the previous Parliament. Michael Foot is still searching for a Parliamentary style. Perhaps the most successful Socialist back-benchers in dealing with external affairs have been, in their very different styles, Francis Noel-Baker and John Paton. But to name them is to remind oneself that Mr. Bevin is still a colossus among the pygmies.

PHINEAS.

TOO HEALTHY

As Comrade Molotov, still hale and hearty,
Tires out the party,
We watch him daily swinging into action.
With stupefaction,
We see him strengthened and refreshed by labours
Which fell his neighbours,
As delegation after delegation
Admits prostration.

We are not jaundiced, envious, or bitter
To find him fitter,
And, never mind what *Pravda* likes to tell us,
We are not jealous;
We merely note that nature has made few men
So superhuman
They seem, while driving other people crazy,
Fresh as a daisy.

We do not carp if diplomats as brilliant
Prove less resilient,
We must admire that constitution placid
Which laughs at acid,
That poise unruffled by stalemate or deadlock,
That seat like bedrock—
We only pray, when weaklings have to lay off,
He'd take a day off.

We do not wish our comrade Molotov in
His coffin,
We do not ask him to become dyspeptic
Or epileptic,
But would he plead, for once, through his physician,
Indisposition?
A little headache, mercifully granted,
Is all that's wanted.

SAGITTARIUS

THE EGYPTIAN SCENE

(By a Cairo Correspondent)

EGYPT has long had a reputation for being a land of paradox, of extreme wealth and poverty; but many people in England must have been puzzled by recent events. How to explain the regular bomb-throwing at British Servicemen, at a time when a new Treaty is to consolidate Anglo-Egyptian alliance and friendship; the inclusion of Greek and Italian millionaires among those lately arrested for "Communism"; and the promised building of a new gaol at a cost of £250,000 to accommodate recalcitrant journalists? Actually, these things are less paradoxical than they seem at first sight.

Bomb-throwing is probably intended primarily to embarrass the Government and to bring about a political change. While responsible Egyptian opinion professes to condemn such tactics, it cannot be forgotten that a similar expression of nationalism a quarter of a century ago gave Egypt both her nominal independence and her present rulers.

Why pick on the inoffensive British Servicemen? The answer is, that for years Britain has been presented as an obstruction to Egyptian progress, with the result that the majority of Egyptians not only saw little difference between Allied or Axis occupation, but shared the ultra-Nationalist conviction that Egypt cannot hope to shape her own destiny until the last British soldier has quit Egypt. This is the fundamental reason for the recent wave of bomb-throwing. The history of modern Egypt, it must be remembered, is marked with several instances where British troops have been used not only to quell disturbances and impose the British viewpoint by force of arms, but to effect changes of Government. The Treaty of 1936 was thought to have closed this unhappy chapter in Anglo-Egyptian relations, but subsequent events reawakened Egyptian distrust of British intentions. They not only felt that they had been given insufficient credit for the way they stood by the Allies during the war and honoured the military terms of the Alliance, but the unfortunate manner in which British troops were used in February 1942 to compel King Faruk to accept a Wafdist Government was held to be an insult to Egyptian nationalism. It gave rise to the impression that independence was an illusion, and seemed to confirm the extremist charge that Egyptians could not be masters of their own destiny so long as British troops remained to intervene in internal affairs.

Egyptian suspicion was further strengthened when, at the end of the war, Britain showed what seemed to every Egyptian an unwarrantable reluctance to enter into negotiations for revision of the 1936 Treaty, or to shift British troops out of the principal cities. Moreover, despite British official protestations that there could be no negotiations under threat of violence and disorder, Egyptians were not slow to observe that rioting and murder did seem to focus attention on the unwelcome presence of British troops and to provide some impetus to negotiations. But such conditions also made the Egyptian negotiators more intransigeant. With the powerful Wafd—free from responsibility of office and excluded from the negotiations—setting the goal high, it was soon made clear that the Egyptian negotiators would not be content with the initial British offer of the complete evacuation of British forces, especially when the Opposition in the House of Commons voiced imperialist sentiments about the danger of withdrawing from Egypt. The Egyptian negotiators began to demand that the evacuation be carried out with the minimum delay and declared that the alliance could only be reaffirmed on new terms. When, therefore, the British presented a draft providing for the re-entry of British Forces in case of international emergency the Egyptians rejected it, and for a time the negotiations had to be suspended while the terms were revised.

Since then a new draft has been prepared which may be acceptable. If, as is hoped, it provides for a common Defence Board to act only in an advisory capacity, with final decisions remaining with the two Governments and reference to Uno in case of disagreement as to interpretation of the Treaty, Egyptian fear of another sudden British intervention may be largely dispelled. The truth is Britain has often been saddled with many grievances not of her making. The lack of social progress and economic development, for example, has been due, not to Britain, but to political and administrative incompetence and the dead-hand of vested interests so firmly established in every Parliament. It is now noteworthy that many prominent members of the Wafd have been advocating that it should be reorganised as a genuine Socialist party.

However, the Prime Minister's allegation that the recently suppressed Wafd afternoon newspaper, *Al Wafd el Misri*, should be regarded as "Communist" has been greeted with scepticism. Egyptians cannot easily forget Sidky Pasha's past record of dictatorship, with the avowed object of destroying the Wafd, or the fact that he is the principal protagonist of big business and the land-owning classes. These classes are delighted with the Government's "firmness." They have been perturbed by the numerous strikes, bomb-throwings and assassinations of the past year; for they have not been slow to appreciate that, while to-day they are ostensibly directed against Britain, to-morrow they may well be turned against them. At first the new Government supported the neo-Fascist Moslem Brotherhood movement, which has country-wide organisation, as a counter-blast to the Wafd. Now it possibly hopes to kill two birds with a single stone by rounding up alleged Communists and discrediting the Wafd by suggesting indirectly that it is under orders from Moscow.

There seems little reason to doubt that Communist propaganda has lately increased, especially since diplomatic relations were established with Soviet Russia for the first time three years ago, and lately many different elements have been exploiting the unsettled situation. Students, for the first time, have joined forces with the industrial workers, many of whom are now unemployed through the post-war slump, aggravated by the withdrawal of British Forces. But while many labourers and students alike have possibly been influenced by Communist propaganda, it is hard to believe that the Wafd as a whole has been involved. As usual, it is now being rumoured that the recent heresy hunt was inspired by Britain. The arrest and subsequent release without any explanation of some wealthy Greek republicans, who were believed to be supporters of E.A.M., and the fact that foreign members of the Egyptian police participated in the round-up, lends colour to the belief that the British authorities were at least not above supplying information from their wartime files on "dangerous characters."

But something more than a revised Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and new prisons are likely to be required for a solution of Egypt's political troubles. As Britain is about to make her exit from the scene which she has dominated for more than sixty years, fresh players with new ideas are preparing to appear. The public has long been led to believe that, with the departure of Britain, things will be different; and they are unlikely to be contented now with vague promises. Vast schemes for irrigation and distribution of land to the peasants, coupled with more industries based on agriculture and a general raising of the standard of living, are obviously the most pressing needs of the moment. Everything now depends on whether the present rulers face up to these problems. If they do not, there is little doubt that they will have to give way to more progressive forces. At the moment there is a grave danger that the present Government, relying on repression to stifle the new forces that are at work, may only succeed in providing fresh ammunition for the gunman.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

FOR me who live in Italy and like it, as thousands of Englishmen have done before me, the moment is ugly. Circumstances alter cases, perhaps; and were I in some other part of the jungle I might meditate more upon the crimes of Fascism and less upon the warm-heartedness of Italians. Being here, I cannot exclude a feeling that everyone, with the honourable exceptions of God (who is giving Italy a bumper harvest just as if she wasn't a war criminal) and Latin America, is keen to tear the very guts from an Italy already skinned and peeled. I do not fail to remember that Italy declared war upon us at another ugly moment, that some Italians, like some soldiers of all nations, were cruel, callous, and destructive, and—most forceful debating point—that Italians, had they won, would have treated us a good deal worse than we are treating them. Yet, having been here on and off between 1921 and 1940, and again from 1943 until now, I feel that it is plumb crazy to attempt any connection whatsoever between the mass of Italians and the crimes of Fascism or the declaration of war; they were helplessly dragooned by both. To that it will be objected that they "let it happen" and must be punished: parallels will be drawn with our too-easy treatment of Germany in the 'twenties. We must remember that Fascism, first cousin to British Imperialism, was lauded by our statesmen; and that the seeds of the 1939 war were sown by blockade and starvation and humiliation rather than by subsequent kind treatment. Again, to-day, after all the high-sounding phrases that flowed for four years from the B.B.C., the quality of our mercy seems sadly strained. We are, in fact, impressing upon every Italian mind a ferocious reminder that victory alone pays, and, as a corollary, that the only fault of Fascism was that it wasn't strong enough.

The Times leader of July 13th states that "Italian opinion still thinks too exclusively of Italian aid to the Allies in the concluding stages of the war, and forgets that the evil that men do lives after them." All my good wishes to *The Times*, but surely the point of the speech quoted was to suggest that it was a pity that the good was interred with men's bones, and even to arouse popular resentment against a seemingly honourable man who overlooked it. I am tempted to retort that:

> The Four have said that Italy must suffer,
> And all the Four are honourable men.

The same leader, after speaking of terms "which Italy is in no condition to resist" (a parallel, perhaps, with Mussolini's attitude in 1940?), concludes by advising Italian statesmen to aid her "in bearing the burdens which will be imposed upon her." In a country smashed to smithereens by three years of war, combined with one year of German, and two years of Allied, depredation and looting, where the cost of living has risen by 22 times, and people are boiling cats for food, what is the effect of such vainglorious, boastful words? To make every Italian hate England, and long for a return of Fascism. And this fits in very well with the stream of Soviet propaganda, much quoted by the Italian Press, to the effect that England is taking Italy's colonies as plunder, seizing her communications under the guise of occupation, and keeping a greedy eye on her ports. Thus, a vendetta legend grows. We may think Italy unimportant enough to insult to-day; yet she is, after all, a Mediterranean sentinel of considerable potential, and in thirty years from now her population will be fifty million against our thirty.

In the Spring of 1944, four months before Rome was captured, or the landing made in France, and thus at a time which few of us considered "the concluding stages of the war," Air Vice-Marshal Foster, in his report on the work of the Italian Air Force since the Armistice, mentioned that 9,754 hours had been flown and 3,309 sorties accomplished. He concluded by stating that "the Italian Air Force has, during the past six months, made a whole-hearted effor

to contribute its share in operations against the enemy; and this act should be plainly recorded, so that it can be placed to the credit of Italians when the time for settlement comes." This, incidentally, was quoted in the official weekly bulletin of the Allied Commission, and the quoter got into trouble for blunting the edge of future revenge; so that the very similar reports of Admiral Morgan on the Italian navy, and of General Browning on the Italian army, never saw the light of day. But has not the time for settlement come, and should they not do so? Or is Italian opinion merely to be told, in so high and mighty a voice, that it thinks "too exclusively" about its effort?

Meanwhile, Italian skies are kind, the grain and vines and olives ripen, and God forgives, even if the Big Four don't. LIONEL FIELDEN

A LEGEND OF UNO

(Attributed to Thomas Ingoldsby)

Praesens nominanti Diabolus

The President sat in the President's Chair—
Playboy and Commissar, all were there:
Every Statesman, every Tycoon,
And Britain's Upholder, Sir Peto Colquhoun,
Mr. Muddington Maughan, which the toffs pronounce Moon,
Together with every type of buffoon
Everyone bad And everyone mad
Who'd foregathered to see what there was to be had,
Cheered like the Devil, and joined in the revel
(Except, of course, Franco, since he was in Seville,
But he dropped them a card, as he used to on Neville
That he could not take part in the business afoot,
But he'd take the occasion to send them some fruit).

The President sat in the President's Chair—
Sir Peto was making a very long speech
And the Delegate Members, all and each
Drew on their blotters and twiddled their hair,
Thought about whiskeys they just couldn't reach
Hung out their tongues And expanded their lungs
While their minds ran on glasses and corkscrews and bungs—
And dreamed of a winner
And what was for dinner
And wished he'd sit down, the long-winded old sinner.
Muddington Moon In a species of swoon
Was hoping the speech would be finishing soon
But Sir Peto was doing his damndest to prove
That anything slightly resembling a move
Would certainly queer The whole pitch, far and near,
If Franco were made to go out on his ear
And they'd better put off the whole show for a year—
The Commissar growls And the Commissar scowls
And prays from the depths of his Socialist bowels
That Sound Dialectics, Karl Marx, or Old Nick
Would fly off with Sir Peto uncommonly quick—
And quite unawares, as he eyes the conventicle,
He draws on his blotter a thing called a PENTACLE
When Hark! there's a bang on the door of the Chamber
The delegates jump It's a Hell of a thump—
The President, up on the President's stump
Stops reading "*Forever* (I think it was) *Amber*"
And in walks the most diabolical Stranger.
He's tall as a pole: from his head to his sole
He's as black as the best kind of Graded Steam Coal—
The President stares, for he's covered with hairs,
And you wouldn't receive as a personal friend
A type with a tail, and a fork at the end

But the Stranger comes in, seems at home, slaps the back
Of Sir Peto, who chokes at the terrible whack,
Bows to the chair With the confident stare
Of a pedlar who hopes to dispose of some ware:
While in the offing Sir Peto keeps coughing
At the dense cloud of Brimstone that's filling the air
And the delegates mutter and edge for the door
And begin to look green For they seem to have seen
The stranger himself, or his photo, before
In a "regime whose nature they deeply deplore."
But the Stranger seems bent upon taking the floor,
And as ugly as sin, he begins with a grin
"Don't disturb yourself, comrades: I want to come in.
I've a very good right to be heard in debate
As the Sovereign State
Which I have the honour to represent here
Has been growing of late At a singular rate
And its right to a Delegate's perfectly clear—
I've attended such gatherings year after year
And I think I may say that it gives me great pleasure
To confer with so many old colleagues at leisure:
We'll be too pressed in Hell,
And then there's the smell:
No time like the present—you do yourselves well.
There's a question or two, That I'm putting to you—
May I ask why you've taken the title "United"
And why the—Blue Legion—was *I* not invited?"
And then to the Chair: "As is honest and fair,
I demand for the Mephistophelian Mission
De facto, de jure, your full recognition."
Mr. M. became blue Pursed his lips and said "Whew!"
And the President murmured "*The Devil* you do!"
"And what's more" said the fiend, turning round on Sir Peto
"To end this abuse I intend to make use
If need be, of my Mephistophelian Veto."
Sir Peto Colquhoun Hummed a short tune
In fact, he recovered remarkably soon
While the delegates stuttered And scowled and muttered
But Sir Peto knew which side his omelette was buttered
And as Satan sat down With a horrible frown
And a thunderclap likely to wake up the town,
And the delegates edged for the door labelled FIRE
And the boys from the Press made a rush for the wire
And the President muttered what sounded like "Cheek!"
Sir Peto was up, and had started to speak.
"Mr. Chairman, I move that the Stranger be heard—
He's a singular bird, but I think, in a word
That General Franco, to whom I've referred,
And the rest of the issues we've met to decide
Could be much clarified
If we let Mr. Satan explain the affair—
After all, he should know, because *he put them there*:
He's experienced, able— There's even a fable
That he was the first to Place Cards on the Table
He's a wizard at Scenes And Spilling the Beans
And an expert of note on Infernal Machines—
Inventor of Treaties, Banks, Profit and Barter,
And I heard someone say At the club yesterday
That the Devil knows what has become of our Charter
He might as well come, since he's calling the tune—
I call on my friend Mr. Muddington Moon . . ."
Mr. Moon said a word Which nobody heard
What it was I won't swear Since I wasn't there
But it certainly wasn't a psalm or a prayer:
Sir Peto went on, and the stooges came back
From the bar where they'd bunked at that last Thunder-crack
And the short and the long of the Plenary Session
Was to end by creating H.E. Mr. Satan
The President, Treasurer, Plenipotentiary
Everything, barring Chief of the State Penitentiary—
Curator of Treaties, Trieste, Iron Curtains—
And the Delegates, thinking of Basses and Burtons
Wasted no time in debate or division
But at once went on And made him, *nem. con.*,
Sole Delegate to the Atomic Commission.
They were heard to remark in the Lobby, as well,
That the Permanent Seat will be moving to Hell,
For it somehow appears since old Nick was invited
That they all, for the first time, are really United.
Sir Peto and Moon Still humming a tune
Went off to wire Franco: "O.K.—See you soon."

Moral. If ever you're met to concoct a new Peace
Experience teaches Don't make windy speeches
And see all the doors are kept shut by Police:
Don't damn people's eyes, or a horrid surprise
May appear in the form of the Father of Lies:
Don't accept gifts of fruit, if the postmark is Seville,
Don't doodle, don't cant, and *don't speak of the Devil!*

ALEX COMFORT

GOVERNMENT FILMS AND SECOND-FEATURES

THE prolonged controversy about monopoly in the cinema industry has rather diverted attention from other aspects of film production, such as the unnecessary second-feature and the use to which official expenditure on film-making is put. These two particular problems are complementary. A revision of the Government's film policy, now long overdue, might well provide a means for curtailing or wholly eliminating the second-feature.

The second-feature is a survival from the days of fierce competition between cinemas, when it was included—along with organs and stage shows—as an additional attraction. To-day, when two circuits alone control a substantial number of cinemas and modern methods of distribution impose greater uniformity on the programmes available to the remainder, the old sales methods are out of date. There is, moreover, good reason to believe that the average second-feature is either disliked, or at best, only tolerated by the public. Most of these secondary films are of very poor quality. The Hollywood "quickie," like the British "quota" film, is made as cheaply as possible and distributed at very low rates, in one case to provide a cheap fill-up for a programme, in the other to offer exhibitors a way to comply with their obligation to show a minimum amount of British films at the lowest possible cost. The third type, known as a "half-top," is an old feature film which is released for a second or third time and may be used to carry a new film with poor box-office appeal. In certain circumstances, it may get a return as large as the new film which it accompanies. In any case, since the majority of "half-tops" are Hollywood products, this arrangement—like the distribution of "quickies"—plays into American pockets.

There is no evidence that the abolition of the second-feature would have any adverse effect on cinema attendance. On the contrary, there have been complaints that programmes are often so long as to be both tedious and tiring. Can the British cinema industry produce sufficient films of good quality and reasonable length to round off a programme to the public's satisfaction if the second-feature were to disappear?

This immediately raises the question of films made at official expense, on which the Government spends over half a million pounds in the year. But here too the position is far from satisfactory. Much of the work that is done in this way is excellent, but experience suggests that there is still no clear policy behind it. In fact, an investigation of past wastage would reveal scandalous misdirection of materials, time and money.

A recent example is a film made for the British Council about the B.B.C. Indian service at a cost of several thousand pounds. Many people saw the film and liked it. The script had been approved in advance by the appropriate Department. But eventually a representative of the Indian Government saw the film and rejected it as unsuitable. There was nothing exceptional in this. Though there has been no check on the number of films shelved for various reasons, it is known that both the old M.O.I. and the British Council have pretty long lists of films that were never distributed, but which represent a total expenditure of possibly some hundreds of thousand pounds.

Strangely enough, poor quality has rarely been the reason for shelving a picture, though many of

those made during the last six years are excessively dull. Their existence is justified, however, by their inclusion in a catalogue of films which *may* be seen by factory audiences and film societies: whether they are actually shown is immaterial. These films are not subjected to press or public criticism, so there is little control over the assignment of further subjects to the same writers, directors or producers if, indeed, they, rather than the committees which supervise the scripts are responsible for the appalling quality of some of these films. It is true that there have been public showings of some of the British Council and M.O.I. films, but it is only natural that on these occasions the more satisfactory products should have been selected.

A further instance of the difficulties which the present organisation imposes on film producers working for the Government is the history of a picture about local authorities. The author of the script did considerable research on the subject, interviewed members of various councils, and consulted the public relations officers of the Ministries concerned. Faced with the attitude: "Write something first; then we can revise it afterwards," the author had to make continual alterations in the script to meet the requirements and objections of different committees, some of them in direct conflict with the position adopted by others. The fifteenth draft was then rewritten by other hands and the picture duly completed. As it stood, it implied that, thanks to the British system of local government, bad housing, ill-health and poverty are practically non-existent. This unrealistic picture can now be seen for the asking. The author afterwards stated that the best advice given to anyone who has to make this sort of film is "always include in the script several things which are glaringly inaccurate so that the committees will seize on them and forget to cross out the more original ideas." Can useful work of good quality be produced by such methods?

This is not to deny that excellent documentaries were made during the war, raising both the prestige of government-sponsored films and the public interest in documentary productions. But the output of first-class products was lamentably small considering the facilities at the disposal of the M.O.I.

But the skill and the resources are there if they can only be used in the proper way. Why, for instance, should the Government be afraid of limiting the import of American second-features and replacing them in cinema programmes with a series of great documentary films about the social reforms now proceeding? At the present rate of expenditure, at least twenty a year could be produced and a very large sum of money still left for the more experimental work of short films on educational and technical subjects. Surely it is legitimate to use the film to explain some of the problems and fundamental issues at stake to-day? Production could be left in the hands of competent staffs under the supervision of one or two official experts, rather than the awkward committee, provided that the main principles to be brought out were made clear at the beginning. There could be no objection to the producers having a free hand provided that simple conditions were observed.

That there is drama in social reforms and planning, which can be captured by the able artist, is proved by the admirable film about the Plymouth Plan, *The Way We Live*, made by Jill Craigie, which is reviewed elsewhere in this journal. Other subjects are capable of similar treatment. But imagination is required as much from the civil servants responsible as from the author and producer of the films. Why, for example, have none of the documentaries about British architecture made for the British Council or the M.O.I. had commentaries written by Osbert Lancaster, Maxwell Fry or Clough Williams Ellis? Raising the entertainment value does not mean increased cost or less educational merit.

Some political opposition there may be. But in the long run, the decision must lie with cinema audiences. The British film industry could provide the material to replace the second-feature, to help reduce the import of Hollywood products and assist in the export of British films. In that task, private enterprise would play a larger part if it were stimulated by the competition of officially-sponsored films made by the intelligent use of resources already at the Government's disposal.

ENGLISH PAINTING AND FRENCH TASTE

The exhibitions at the Leicester and Lefevre Galleries offer a very fair view of contemporary English painting; and if a foreign critic examined also the show at the Redfern, which has already been noticed here, he would have the material for summarising our characteristic virtues and defects. Unluckily he would in all probability be more alive to the defects than to the virtues, if I may judge by the talk I heard in Paris the other day about the exhibition of English painting recently on show there. For this the authorities of the Tate cannot be blamed. What they sent was a good selection of pictures from the Tate (with a few very necessary additions) and this represented quite adequately current English taste. But faced with a picture like Augustus John's *Madame Suggia*, the French shudder; they are not even dimly interested in any but the earliest Wilson Steers; and the revived Impressionism of the Eustonian type leaves them bewildered. "There must be a mistake in the date," a member of the public was heard to exclaim optimistically, when his catalogue declared that one of the Eustonians was born in the twentieth century.

It would be possible to arrange an exhibition of English pictures that would cause astonishment and delight in Paris. It would include Hilliard, Blake, Stubbs, Constable, late Turner, Cotman and the water-colourists, the Pre-Raphaelites. And what about contemporaries? Frances Hodgkins, Matthew Smith, Sutherland, Henry Moore, Francis Bacon and possibly Mary Kessell would, I fancy, have the best chance. (All but the last two of these were represented in the Tate show, but seldom at their best—Sutherland, for instance, only by war-pictures.) It is fair to add that a living painter who does not work in France will be very lucky if he receives much attention from the French press. The French are not nationalistic about painting: among the artists accepted as glories of the *Ecole de Paris* are such foreigners as Picasso, Modigliani, Soutine, Brancusi, Pascin, Chagall and Miró. They have similarly accepted Captain Molyneux and Signora Schiaparelli as dressmakers. But a great vested interest is concerned to support the myth that good pictures, like good clothes, can be made only in France.

I do not for a moment suggest that we should try to mould our taste on that of the French or any other people. Few of our artists, living or dead, reveal the power in composition that has been conspicuous in the French, as in the Italian, School. Few have even that certainty in attack which seems to come so spontaneously to the French. (I am disappointed by what I have seen of the *jeunes* in France—that is of the men in their forties; but how signally they know how to make a picture with assurance and taste, just as French cooks know how to make a sauce.) The English talent, on the other hand, is usually marked by one or other of two qualities—poetic imagination and delicate, not to say shy, sensibility—and surely we English are wise to recognise the value of both. But to the second of them, the French, and indeed, I expect, all foreigners are unresponsive. While there seems not much use in sending to Paris works by Conder, Spencer Gore, Sir William Nicholson, le Bas, Pasmore or Gowing, these are all painters I greatly enjoy; and nothing could be sillier than to narrow one's appreciation in order to come into line with the taste of other people.

Excellent French critics in their judgment of books written in English come to the most disconcerting conclusions: they extravagantly overestimate Poe, for instance; they even take seriously Mary Webb; nor have I ever met any Frenchman except Gide who recognised the stature of Miss Austen. The barrier of language is largely responsible for such aberrations; and paint, it may be said, is an international language. Even so, nations being particularised by differing racial mixtures, climates and histories, a Frenchman, a German and an Englishman incline to look for differing virtues alike in books and in pictures.

It must be admitted that for a hundred years a prodigiously high proportion of the best pictures have been produced in France; and France has become therefore the most profitable centre, as Italy was in the 17th and 18th centuries, for foreign painters to visit or inhabit—the indisputable centre of the pictorial tradition. I believe that this will continue, even if the French, most improbably, fail to produce any new painter of genius. (After all, Italian art by the 17th century had already passed its prime.) We must then be thankful that our painters can again visit France, and must hope that the Treasury will soon allow them to live there. But I should not wish or expect Mr. Sutherland, say, or Mr. Pasmore, even if he chose to live in France, to surrender his national characteristics, and to remould himself according to the austere precepts of MM. Gleize or Lhôte.

One further point: the masters of the Twentieth Century have been more aggressively personal and idiosyncratic in their vision and methods than any but very few good painters in the past. The Berensons of the Twenty-fourth Century will not, when confronted with a profile portrait, be puzzled whether to attribute it to Matisse, to Picasso or to Rousult. For this reason the influence of these masters is usually unhappy; a painter who sees women through the eyes of one of them is trying to draw the bow of Ulysses and fails to convince. If an artist has not a powerful imagination (and this is the rarest of gifts), he does better by obeying his eyes than by trying to borrow the imagination of someone else. For this reason some form of Impressionism—the most naturalistic approach to appearances—is likely, I fancy, to remain the language best suited to most English painters, though it is not the language that is most interesting to those of us who care more deeply for the Italian than for any other school.

Roger Marvell

DON PASQUALE—I

It is excellent news that the people who disarmingly describe themselves as the M.A.D. Society are putting on Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* at the Cambridge Theatre for a run in alternation with *La Bohème*. A good *Pasquale* is just the sort of folly we need; after Rossini's *Barbiere*, it is the most irresistible specimen of the old Italian *buffo* opera—and also one of the last. "For the present," wrote Henry Chorley in 1862, "it may be feared that we have taken leave of mirth in Italian music . . . the fountain of laughter seems to be slowly dwindling and drying up. We are becoming graver, without becoming more learned"; and since Chorley's time merriment has receded still further from the opera house. *Falstaff* and *Gianni Schicchi* and the slighter achievements of Wolf-Ferrari stand almost alone in the mounting tides of Italian melodrama; and in France and Germany, too, the lighter side of operatic life has been neglected since the deaths of Offenbach and Johann Strauss. In our own day opera has become an increasingly serious business, and high spirits are reckoned to be the province of ballet. A pity.

Don Pasquale was written in 1843 (in eleven days, it is said), when Donizetti was already suffering from the nervous exhaustion and melancholy which developed, two years later, into insanity and paralysis; by 1848 he was dead. Few works of art show less sign of the conditions under which they were born, and the contrast becomes still more remarkable when we learn that the libretto was more or less the composer's own work. It is admirably constructed around the stock characters and situations of *commedia dell' arte* tradition, but it is not in the least mechanical. Excluding a comic notary, there are only four characters: the crusty old bachelor Don Pasquale, his young nephew Ernesto, the vivacious widow Norina, whom Ernesto loves; and lastly the universal busybody and intriguer-in-chief, Dr. Malatesta. Don Pasquale's scheme to disinherit his nephew and marry a young wife himself is foiled by the classic device

of a mock marriage; the supposed bride (who is really Norina in disguise) makes the old man's life such a misery that he is only too relieved to discover at the end that he has been fooled.

Though the characters of *Don Pasquale* descend from stock types, it is quite wrong to play them as mere puppets and clowns. In the first few years of its career the opera was dressed in contemporary clothes—an innovation which was not altogether popular, but certainly suggests that the original performers must have kept their comic invention within the bounds of good breeding and credibility. Little doubt could be entertained in any event on this score, since the "*Don Pasquale* quartet" (one of the most famous ensembles in the whole history of opera) consisted of four consummate artists—Grisi, Mario, Tamburini and Lablache—each of whom, as is abundantly clear from contemporary accounts, was incapable of any sort of exaggeration or crudity, either in the way of acting or of singing. Smoothness, sweetness and ease were the vocal virtues most admired at that date, and they were achieved in the face of technical difficulties which seem formidable, if not fabulous, to us. A glance at the score shows that baritone and bass are expected to possess the same vocal agility as soprano and tenor, and yet Chorley can say of the whole *Pasquale* quartet that "they revelled in the easy music."

As the century advanced *Don Pasquale* seems to have lost something of its vogue, though both Patti and Sembrich excelled as the mischievous heroine. In recent times the part has been charmingly sung by two light sopranos, both of whom had tantalisingly short careers, Graziella Pareto and Maria Ivogün. The Covent Garden revival of 1937 was indifferently cast, but the Glyndebourne production of the following year was brilliant; and, if for nothing else, I should look forward to the Cambridge Theatre performances for the chance of seeing once again the Dr. Malatesta of Mariano Stabile. At Glyndebourne it was both hilariously funny and a model of style: in short, the very perfection of Italian *brio*.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"The Way We Live," at the Odeon (from August 16th)

It is quite extraordinary how the hackles of the film industry will rise at the thought of intelligent film-making. Every obstacle is put in the way of such tendencies; or, if they can't be checked at an early stage, the results are ceremoniously side-tracked and pigeon-holed. This might well have been the fate of *The Way We Live*, as of many other films such as *The Ox-Bow Incident*, *The Magnificent Ambersons* and *Diary for Timothy*, if the press hadn't got wind of what was likely to happen. As a result of public clamour, *The Way We Live* will be given no less than it deserves, a general showing.

Being a documentary it was, of course, despite the lessons of war, suspect from the start. Food: houses: the way we live and hope to live in the future. These surely are themes as urgent and dramatic as the battles of Odessa or Caen. Films helped us to visualise the second, but seem oddly shy of the first. Never mind by whose fault; the technique exists; occasionally a *World of Plenty*, a *Children of the City* slips through, reminding us of our responsibilities. To these films, at a moment when general mitlessness seems in the ascendant, we can now add Miss Jill Craigie's *The Way We Live*. It not only states a subject but tells a story; and that story—the destruction of Portsmouth, and plans for its rebuilding, a matter of human lives equally with steel and concrete—is at least as exciting as the usual plum duff of adultery.

We get to know the town and its people very well: the bombing days, the billeting, the children in slum kitchens, girls and sailors dancing on the lawn from which Drake spied the Armada, a family making do in a prefab., mothers' meetings, jerry-built rows, smashed centre and crumbling quayside—some of it destroyed, much more hideously inviting destruction. Plymouth, the worst-hit English town of the war, was the first also to begin thinking ahead. The three-year-old Watson-Abercrombie Plan aims to rebuild the town round a central grand boulevard stretching from the railway station to the Hoe. We watch these sketches of the future taking shape in gardens, towers, avenues and a curving concrete as Sir Patrick Abercrombie walks through streets and across wastes. Civic centres, suburban dispersal, a modern outlay for traffic also form part of the Plan. Its main object, we are told, is that "the town should be for the townsfolk what the country estate is for the rich man—comfortable, practical and beautiful": admirable conception, if the detail is half as good as the outline given here. Obviously, the average family will be far better off than when it had to takes its chance with what was going. How far will the architecture in itself satisfy, and help to educate eyes that have lost the measure of their surroundings? That remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the initial jump wants some taking. £20,000,000 are needed for a start to buy land; and we see the Town Council arguing that difficulty and providing a thumping majority for the Plan. In case older vested interests should get in the way, the film ends with a Youth procession carrying such banners as "Pools for Schools," and "We Want the Plan" through the crowded streets.

This is a generous-hearted as well as a vivid piece of documentary. Miss Craigie is very much concerned with the people whose response will make or shatter this attempt at civic planning. She takes common feelings into account, grouses, gaieties, and while hammering her facts follows the thread of emotion rather in the manner of Jennings than of Rotha. *The Way We Live* is by no means a film without faults; sometimes its ordinary folk talk a little stiffly, and the tension is apt to vary. But its merits are rare indeed. Not very many films this year have succeeded in making us see and think and feel.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE programme in which Sir Harry Lauder celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday was a rare and complete pleasure. If I had not heard it, I would never have believed that anyone could keep a singing voice in so remarkable a condition for so long. For this feat alone the famous comedian can hold a candle to Sir George Henschel—which is saying a lot. In fact, all the essential features of Sir Harry's inimitable style seemed to be exactly as they were when first I remember hearing him sing, some thirty-five years ago. Unlike a crooner, who fakes the voice he has not got, Sir Harry had—and still has—a real voice, and when he leaves the comedian's *parlando* to hold a note, that is round and true. And what verve, what warmth of feeling, there is in these old songs of his! The fun hardly dates at all, and the sentiment is most agreeably antiseptic. A broadcast like this should be remembered to the B.B.C.'s eternal credit.

Saturday Night Theatre does not often rise above the trite and/or the facetious, but on August 3rd a play called "Suspect" had an unexpectedly cynical twist which gave one a pleasant shiver. Also, it was acted with considerable intensity, by Miss Nancy Price as an ex-murderess, and by Miss May Agate as her faithful old servant. This last portrait was extraordinarily powerful: the words came out of the loudspeaker as hard and loaded with intention as rifle bullets. Altogether a most competent production, on which I congratulate Hugh Stewart. But it is time Drama invested in some new recorded clocks: I'm getting heartily sick of that refined little chime which has done duty in almost every modern play I have heard for the last year and more.

It was a wonderfully refreshing experience to hear Robert Casadesus play once again. One of the most sheerly distinguished pianists alive, he never commits a musical solecism, or disappoints by a slipshod

Ready on Thursday

Industrial Art Explained

JOHN GLOAG

Mr. Gloag's compact survey of industrial art has for years been accepted as one of the chief standard works on the subject. The original edition was confined to British industrial design, but the new and enlarged edition includes many examples of contemporary work in the United States.

New edition. Fully illustrated in colour and monochrome.

15*s. net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

HUTCHINSON

THE

INDIVIDUAL

AND THE

STATE

Their relationship historically considered with some of its bearings on the future of civilisation

by THE REVEREND

ROBERT H. MURRAY

Litt.D.

(Formerly Honorary Canon of Worcester)

A remarkable history of the individual and the State brilliantly written out of exceptional knowledge. The subject is the outstanding one of the day and arouses keen and often bitter controversy.

Large Demy. Just Published. 21/-

HUTCHINSON

& Co. (Publishers) Ltd.,

Largest of Book Publishers

Faber Books

Milk of Paradise
FORREST REID
Talks on the appreciation of poetry. 6/-

Modern Scottish Poetry
edited by MAURICE LINDSAY
An anthology of the Scottish Renaissance 1920-1945. 6/-

Pipe Night
JOHN O'HARA
New short stories by the author of *Appointment in Samarra*, 7/6.

Thanks, God! I'll Take It from Here
JANE ALLEN and M. LIVINGSTONE
A penetrating and witty novel about a young authoress whose book was taken up by Hollywood. 7/6

The Challenge to Democracy
M. A. PINK
A constructive criticism of our social and political values. 10/6

NOW READY

PEGGY WINDSOR & THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

Frank Tilsley

"As humanely true and poignant as anything Mr. Tilsley has yet written." *Elizabeth Bowen* in *The Tatler*.

"Mr. Tilsley's insight into the muddled mind, his vision of the very heart of simplicity, are more than remarkable; they are unique." *Pamela Hansford Johnson* in *John O'London's*.

"The pitfalls that beset the writer of such a story are at once apparent, but Mr. Tilsley avoids them all . . . a fully equipped novelist." *The Times Lit. Supp.* 9*s. net.*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

passage. His playing of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata seemed designed to show what a miracle of concise composition this work is. No sentimentality anywhere (but I wish he had observed the repeat in the Trio of the March) no effect-seeking; the Finale like a rush of icy wind from the North Pole of the spirit. Later in the week his performance of Beethoven's *Les Adieux* was as near perfection as I ever expect to hear in a work which is all but impossible to play correctly on a modern piano.

It was salutary, too, to hear Telmanyi again, for this violinist has much of the same restraint as Casadesus, and a beautiful round tone. His playing of Carl Nielsen's *First Violin Sonata* may, I hope, have stimulated interest in a composer whose work is practically unknown here. A kind of Reger without the pedantry or the tactless nimiety, Nielsen (1865-1931) possessed a most original mind and a daring melodic imagination. The two sonatas for violin and piano, the Wind Quintet, the little *Serenata in Vano*, the String Quartet, and the two sets of variations for piano, are inexhaustibly fascinating to those who dislike the obvious but require music to be sensuously pleasing and intellectually well-knit.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, August 11th.* Dennis Bruin (10.15 a.m.); Concert (Malcuzynski, 3 p.m.); The Moonstone (8.30 p.m.); Regency Brighton (9.30); William Primrose (10 p.m.).

Monday. The World and his Wife (L.P. 6.30 p.m.); John Gabriel Borkman (9.15 p.m.).

Tuesday. Gay Paree—Reputation or Reality? (L.P. 3 p.m.); Books and Writers (L.P. 6.40 p.m.); The Persecution of Bob Pretty (L.P. 9.30 p.m.); C. V. Wedgwood (10.45 p.m.).

Wednesday. Wednesday Matinee (W. W. Jacobs, 4 p.m.); The Four Just Men (8.30 p.m.); Berwald String Quartet (11.40 p.m.).

Friday. The Literature of Cricket (L.P. 10 a.m.); Prokofiev (L.P. 10.40 a.m.); The African Native Returns (9.15 p.m.).

Saturday. Good Company (L.P. 6.45 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to V. Biske.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, at Hove on Saturday opened the swimming pool at the £170,000 King Alfred Baths by pushing two Wrens into the water.—*The Times.*

"You ought to know better than get drunk in these days, when supplies are so short. You are taking beer from the Grantham public, who are badly in need of it," said Coun. S. Foster, on Wednesday, at Grantham police court.—*Grantham Journal.*

When Mr. Bevin moves into his new official residence at No. 1, Carlton Gardens, his next-door neighbour will be Queen Mary, at Marlborough House. The houses are separated by a high wall.—*News Chronicle.*

Latest London enterprise—tipple-tipping. A friend at a bus stop was astounded by the cry "All the pubs open—tuppence."

He inquired and found a tipster offering to supply a list of the pubs open in the district to save the thirsty a futile walk. He did quite a brisk trade at 2*d.* a list.—*Star.*

Sex lectures to school-leavers are being discontinued by the Holland (Lincs) Education Committee, as being unnecessary.—*Daily Herald.*

Correspondence

RUSSIAN ANXIETY

SIR,—We may be grateful to Dr. Ernest Jones for his explanation, in psychological phraseology, of the present situation of the U.S.S.R. *vis-a-vis* the Western world; and with the penultimate sentence of his letter, I, at least, am in entire agreement: "only definite opposition can break in on the world of phantasy and restore that of reality." But I cannot agree with your correspondent that "whether it be more advantageous (*sic*) to make this inevitable stand" now or later "is a question for statesmen to decide."

Believing, as I do, that those who continue to urge "patience" with our Soviet friends, and a plea for "trying to understand" them, are, in fact, pursuing a policy of appeasement not dissimilar in essence from the policy which went by that name in 1938–39, I must needs be apprehensive.

As to leaving the question of when we oppose fantasy by reality "for statesmen to decide," is not this what we did once before and with the result we all deplore? For the downright, direct approach to the problem inherent in Mr. Bevin's "all the cards on the table, face upwards" we should be thankful. Surely this request, as between allies, is reasonable? If so, should the request not be made by all of us, citizens as well as statesmen?

How long are we to go on treating the U.S.S.R. ("i.e. their rulers") as though it is not yet grown up, or as having a regime that is too vulnerable to take a part in the comity of nations, or as requiring, for some other obscurant reason, specially favoured treatment? In the moral and political spheres I think the opposing of fantasy by reality should be now. Otherwise fantasy, which Dr. Jones regards as the real cause of war, may well grow to such lengths as will determine it.

HORDER

SIR,—I was rather surprised by the contents of the letter published under the title "Russian Anxiety" in your last issue. The author claims that only a Communist would think that Britain or the U.S. are likely to attack Russia. On the contrary, that view is held by quite a number of people with the opposite political opinion. Would he for instance call the former American Ambassador to Moscow, who claims that war with Russia is inevitable, and who suggests the use of the atomic bomb now, a Communist? He claims that political, economic and moral considerations would make such a contingency rather unlikely. Again I must venture to disagree. On political and economic considerations Capitalism must fight Communism, or else be prepared to accept its own end without a struggle. To claim that morals play any part in power politics is sheer hypocrisy.

Dr. Jones complains about Russia's outrageous and unfriendly acts. Russia is not the only culprit. During the war, the U.S.A. were able to develop the atomic bomb because they could make the intense industrial effort required. It is highly doubtful whether that would have been possible if Russia had not been fighting. The refusal to disclose the engineering details of the manufacturing process of the bomb has been the most unfriendly act carried out by any State since the war. Coupled with the continued arming of the Chinese and the policy of the Western Powers towards Russia before the war, it seems to give quite adequate grounds for suspicion.

After claiming for two-thirds of his letter that the Russians are unnecessarily suspicious, he then thinks that we ought to make a stand against them. That does not strike me as the most logical way of breaking down anybody's suspicions. Nor is the comparison of their policy with that of the Nazis likely to achieve this object.

There are always people who are unable or unwilling to see anything except from a strictly nationalist

Coming Aug. 15

Judgment in Suspense

A new Novel by
GERALD BULLETT
8s. 6d. net

A sailing holiday story by
PRUDENCE HILL
illustrated by her father,
Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill, K.C.B.

Wind and Weather Permitting

For Young Readers
7s. 6d. net

DENT

Hollis & Carter

NOW READY

GOOD COUNTRY DAYS

R. W. How

A country year seen through the eyes of a country woman who returns to her farmhouse home after a long absence. The earth itself, with its tasks and rewards, is seen as a friend which changes with the seasons, but which remains a good servant and just master.

With 12 full page illustrations.

10/6

DEATH WAS OUR ESCORT

LT.-COMMANDER
ERNEST G. VETTER
U.S.N.R.

This is perhaps one of the best narratives on the Far East campaign. It is a story of team work unsurpassed in any unit of the Allied Forces; the story of tough men of the United States P.T. boats based in New Guinea, whose story eclipses all the imaginary adventures invented by the most famous writers of "Books for Boys."

Demy 8vo, 16/- net. Publication, August 16th.

SKEFFINGTON
& SON, LIMITED

THE HOGARTH PRESS

Second Impressions now in stock.

NUNWELL SYMPHONY
by C. Aspinall-Oglander
Illustrated 15s.

THREE
by William Sansom
8s. 6d.

THE PROBLEMS OF LT. KNAP
by Jiri Mucha
8s. 6d.

New Address:
40-42 WILLIAM IV STREET
W.C.2. TEMPLE BAR 5549

point of view, and as Nationalism is not the only force operating in the world to-day they may come to the wrong conclusions. Perhaps it would altogether have been wiser not to transfer psychological conclusions to the political stage without knowing too much about the latter. The attitude taken by Dr. Jones is only likely to increase suspicion and to make the creation of a permanent peace still more difficult.

L. M.

MORALS AND POLITICS

SIR,—J. B.'s estimate of the probable attitude of THE NEW STATESMAN, had it then existed, to the French Revolution does not seem seriously to differ from mine. No doubt you would have sided with Fox—and been as impotent as he. My object in bringing in the French analogy was to stress a lesson which we may learn from history. In every revolutionary epoch there is a head-on clash between the old order and the new, brought about not by "opinion" (in any country, at any time, there are millions of opinions, and they mostly cancel one another out) but by interest. One side endangers what the other has. In every such epoch the new order conquers first in some particular country and is, for the time being, embodied in that country (England in the seventeenth century, France in the eighteenth, Russia now). There is a natural tendency for the old order to resort to force against such a country. The war of ideologies appears to the war-makers a crusade for "Christian civilisation" or the like.

There is one way in which such a head-on clash can be prevented from taking the now extremely destructive form of international war. That is for all those in every country who stand for the new order to form themselves into such a compact phalanx of opposition that their Governments will be unable to make war. But to form such a phalanx it is necessary to be fanatical. A judicially balanced attitude is not enough. If you try to straddle the class struggle, point out faults on both sides and all that, you may be an amiable fellow and produce charming literature, but you will effect nothing. Objectively you will even help the war-makers by supplying them with ammunition against the new order which they seek to destroy.

That is why we who believe that the peace of the world depends on Socialism refuse to waste time in criticism of the Soviet Union. We do not suppose the Soviet leaders infallible; but we are modest enough to think the chances of our being mistaken are greater than the chances of their being so. Anyway, they have built Socialism in their country; and it has yet to be proved that it can be built in any other without handling capitalist saboteurs a great deal more roughly than any Social-Democratic party seems prepared to do.

It is in season to quote Mr. Shaw. May I commend to the "moralists" these words from *Major Barbara*: "Ought, ought, ought, ought, ought! Are you going to spend your life saying ought, like the rest of our moralists? Turn your oughts into shalls, man."

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

14 Stourwood Road,
Bournemouth.

PALESTINE

SIR,—In his speech in Parliament on Thursday, August 1st, 1946, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Hall, denied the truth of Mr. Crossman's remarks and stated that neither the Jewish Agency nor Haganah had assisted the Palestine Police in discovering the mortars (nicknamed V3's), which were trained on the King David Hotel in Jerusalem. The truth of the matter can be seen from the enclosed extract from the *Palestine Post*:

June 17th, 1945.

"The Inspector General of Police wishes to express his appreciation to the Arab Customs Officer and to the member of the Jewish community who gave the information which led to the finding of the two batteries of mortars in Jerusalem on June 12th and 13th."

I am the "member of the Jewish community" referred to by the Inspector General of Police. I received the information regarding these weapons in my capacity as liaison officer between the Jewish Agency, which was actively and consistently working to break the terror, and the Palestine authorities, and I passed it on in the usual way.

It is also correct, as Mr. Crossman stated, that at first only the general location of these, as well as other mortar batteries trained on other Government buildings in Jerusalem, was obtained and passed on by me, but that Police or Army mine detectors were unable to locate them. Only later one of these batteries was found by chance by an Arab, approximately where previously indicated, and the other was found after additional, exact information had been received. There were two or three other occasions when the authorities were warned by us about attempts to blow up the King David building.

TEDDY KOLLEK

B.A.O.R. WIVES

SIR, — V. Jabez-Smith's remarks about the requisitioning of houses for B.A.O.R. wives and families will have the support of every man in B.A.O.R. who is at all sensitive to the conditions around him. (Unfortunately we are greatly outnumbered.) Indeed, the objections to the scheme as a whole are so obvious that I have been surprised to see no consistent opposition to it either in Parliament or in the Press. There is, however, one objection that can be appreciated fully only by those of us who are on the spot. We are living here in an atmosphere that is patently immoral. Whatever implications your readers may find in that contention can be confirmed by a visit to B.A.O.R. One is reluctant to generalise, and still less to ignore the presence here of many officers and men who deserve no such description. The fact remains that the *overall* impression is of widespread intemperance, sexual immorality everywhere, and sloth. Is it right to bring the womenfolk into this moral vacuum? It may be claimed that their presence will be salutary in that respect. Is it not equally likely that they will in some degree succumb to the prevailing standards? Certainly their presence will aggravate, rather than abate, the "commercial" aspect of B.A.O.R. life. I have heard an officer talk of saving his cigarettes and chocolate so that he can provide his wife, when she joins him, with anything that the Army overlooks. Finally, I am puzzled as to why we could not have shown the same thoroughness in finding temporary homes for D.P.s (many thousands are still living in crowded discomfort) as we now display in accommodating our short-term colonists.

CORPORAL
B.A.O.R.

FUTURE OF TRANSPORT

SIR,—Your comments upon the recent proposals for the co-ordination of Road and Rail Freight Transport, seem to have been based upon a second-hand and incomplete version of the document in question. I am enclosing a copy of the actual Memorandum to the Minister of Transport from which you will see:

1. The plan is not an attempt to "ward off the threat of public control." It is the result of negotiations and discussion initiated in 1939 and only own completed.

2. The Main Line Railways did not merely "endorse" the Memorandum. They were jointly responsible with the Road Haulage Association for formulating the plan.

3. The Scheme has the much appreciated support, not only of the Federation of British Industries but also of such bodies as the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, the National Union of Manufacturers, the National Farmers Union, the British Road Federation and the Traders' Road Transport Association; also of Canals and Coastwise shipping. In fact all the providers and users of goods transport are in its favour.

4. Phrases such as "correlated rates structures"

HARRAP

Book Society Recommendation

The Cross and the Arrow

ALBERT MALTZ

"I am left with the agreeable duty of hailing a genuinely imaginative achievement and of saluting as forceful a piece of dramatic construction as I have read for a very long time."

—COMPTON MACKENZIE

9s. 6d. net

REPRINT READY AUG. 8

★

Collected Stories of T. O. Beachcroft

'Many of the stories in this excellent collection are worth a second reading; certainly, they all deserve a first.'
NEW STATESMAN

10s 6d

THE BODLEY HEAD

Pascin
HORACE BRODZKY
With a foreword by
James Laver
and 78 reproductions (2 in colour) of Pascin's drawings and paintings.
18/- *net.*

I had a pitch on the stones
JANE BROWN
Twenty years as a stallholder in the Caledonian Market. "It is a great human record .... it is life." Val Gielgud in *The Sunday Times*.
8/6 *net.*

Away went the little fish
MARGOT BENNETT
Another 'murder in a comedy' by the author of *Time to Change Hats*. "Miss Bennett, indeed, is a writer with a sparkle. She has wit and a delicious sense of fun." Ralph Straus in *The Sunday Times*.
8/6 *net.*

NICHOLSON & WATSON

Constable
publish
for
BERNARD SHAW

10 Orange St. London W.C.2

and "reasonable charges" may be meaningless to people with no specialised knowledge of transport, but within the Industry itself they have precise meanings which are quite well understood.

5. The Scheme makes provision for the setting up of an impartial tribunal to agree rates and conditions and to hear appeals against charges which are considered excessive. Furthermore, it provides that the public shall have an unfettered right to select the most convenient and economic form of transport, including the unrestricted use of its own vehicles. It is, therefore, obviously absurd to say that there is "no assurance that rates would in fact be reasonable."

Further, your comment includes the unqualified statement that the real objective of the plan is "camouflaged" and that it really aims at imposing a transport monopoly under private ownership and is nothing more nor less than "an impressive piece of mumbo-jumbo."

I feel strongly that to accuse all the important interests concerned of deliberate and wholesale dishonesty is not worthy of a journal that has hitherto held the respect even of its political opponents by its willingness to give fair consideration to all sides, such as you showed when, some months ago, you published my reply to Mr. Ernest Davies' advocacy of transport nationalisation.

HORACE WYATT
Director of Publications,
Road Haulage Association

146 New Bond Street, W.1.

[We have little doubt that the "user" interests thus impressively catalogued understand perfectly the Scheme's "precise meanings." But a bargain between "user" and "provider" of transport is not necessarily good for the consumer, to whose shoulders costs are directly or indirectly transferred.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

COLOUR BAR

SIR,—Your article "Labour and West Africa" impels me to draw attention to a situation which, if perpetuated, can hardly conduce to cordial relations between West Africa and this country.

You may be aware that the normal method of travel between West Africa and Great Britain for all passengers, European civil servants and professional and business men, and Africans, is by troopship. On the two occasions that I have returned to the U.K. from West Africa obvious racial discrimination towards our African passengers has been displayed. On both occasions there were distinguished University graduates on board, coming over here to do important work in this country, and in each case, the last time as late as April this year, they were denied cabin accommodation, and even the use of the saloon; and both they and all the African students received no attendance on board, although they paid substantial fares. Those travelling in April of this year were accommodated in a cargo hold inundated with sea water. No European travelled under these conditions.

This seems scarcely the way to treat the West African intelligentsia.

E. CHAMBERS

MANOEUVRES IN AUSTRIA

SIR,—Your comment gives the impression as if most of the Austrian enterprises nationalised recently were those claimed by the Russians under the Potsdam Agreement. This, however, is not correct. The original list, submitted by the Socialist Party contained 120 enterprises. The Socialists (who are a minority in Parliament) in protracted negotiations with Dr. Figl's People's Party, had to agree to a cutting down of this number to 71 in order to get the nationalisation through at all. The names of the enterprises omitted are not known here and it is therefore impossible to judge the motives of the People's Party's pressure. But a fairly comprehensive list of the nationalised enterprises is available, from which it can be seen that about half of them are situated in Eastern Austria, including Vienna, whereas the other half are located in the zones of the Western Allies. Altogether, according to the Communist paper *Oesterreichische Volksstimme*, the Russians have claimed 13 enterprises as so-called German Assets under the Potsdam Agreement.

May I add that party negotiations about the Nationalisation Bill have been going on for about six months and that what you call the "Conversion of the Catholic People's Party to Socialist Ideas" is the result of an ever-growing pressure by the organised workers, which even the People's Party could not withstand in the long run?

The Nationalisation Bill was passed unanimously by Parliament, that is by 84 Catholics, 77 Socialists and 4 Communists.

London, N.W.6.

KARL AUSCH
London Correspondent
Arbeiter Zeitung, Vienna

PROBLEM CHILDREN

SIR,—I am constantly being asked to take problem children, and always reply that I take only normal children now. After twenty years of problems I feel that I have done my bit, and that younger men and women should tackle the job. It is a staggering thought that, 30 years after Homer Lane in the Little Commonwealth demonstrated how to cure delinquents by approval and self-government, I should have to tell people that I don't know of a school to recommend when a girl of 15 has been expelled for stealing.

My object in writing now is to get in touch with schools that treat problem children on psychological lines. The only ones I know of are those of O. L. Shaw, who uses analysis and environment, and Jean Bennett, who relies on environment alone. Where are the others?

Summerhill School Ltd.,
Leiston, Suffolk.

A. S. NEILL

GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR

SIR,—The following case was recently brought to my attention, and I can vouch for its correctness. While at school the boy in question resisted extremely heavy pressure to join the Hitler Youth, being the only one among 500 to show such courage. He was eventually called up to the army and captured by the Americans in 1944. Soon he was sent to a special camp in the U.S.A. on account of his anti-Nazi views. He was recommended for release in March, 1946, and sent back to Europe. After having reached Belgium, he discovered to his acute disappointment that he was not to be repatriated, but sent to Scotland instead, where he is now employed as a labourer. Meanwhile, he has heard from his father, who lives in the British zone, that well-known Nazis are back in his native town, and no restrictions placed on them.

It seems very desirable to give some measure of priority to the repatriation of prisoners of war with a known anti-Nazi record, like this boy. Their services in Germany would beyond doubt be highly appreciated by Military Government, quite apart from the fact that a continued captivity might turn them from good democrats into cynics, who never again would believe in the sincerity of the Western Democracies.

E. H. BARTMANNS

PSYCHOANALYSIS

SIR,—While appreciating the fairness of your reviewer's notice of my book (*The Autobiography of David* —) the reference to psychoanalysis might be misleading. Psychoanalysis has already proved its value in *selected* cases and nothing I have written of what happened in the past should lessen the faith of those who may have been advised to try this method by experienced medical psychologists.

The main object of the book is to draw attention to the urgent problem of mental illness and the fact that we are not properly equipped as a nation for the purposes of psychological healing.

D. P.

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD "N.S.& N." Subscriptions. Supplies for **OVERSEAS** are now unrestricted. **A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION** to any address in the world costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* **BY AIR** to any country in Europe £2 7*s.* 6*d.* yearly and to other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

Large Reprint now at Booksellers

The Pursuit of Love

NANCY MITFORD

'Charm, wit and imagination.' —*Observer*

'Delicious, extravagant, poignant and amusing.'—*Book Society News*

'Has more truth, more sincerity and more laughter than a year's output in the bogus significant manner.'—*Spectator* 8*s.* 6*d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

CONTACT

Publications present the second volume in their international series, a royal 4to book of 128 pp. illustrated by

BAWDEN GROSZ
HENRION COCTEAU
FALCONER TOPOLSKI

BRITAIN BETWEEN WEST AND EAST

Thirty British, American and European writers including

R. H. S. CROSSMAN M.P.
V. S. PRITCHETT
PROF. E. F. FRAZIER
DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR
ARTHUR KOESTLER
STEPHEN SPENDER
N. MOMTCHILOFF
PROF. ARNOLD TOYNBEE

3/6 net ready August

CONTACT Publications Limited
26 Manchester Square W1

THE NEW SHAKESPEARE

Edited by J. DOVER WILSON

Henry IV. Parts I and II

Now ready. In 2 volumes. Each 8s. 6d. net

As readers of *The Fortunes of Falstaff* will know, the Editor of the New Shakespeare has deliberately regarded the two Parts as a single drama, and the Introduction here printed in Part I, as well as the Stage History, will be found to refer to the whole of *Henry IV*.

THE ESSENTIAL SHAKESPEARE

By J. DOVER WILSON

Eighth impression. 5s. net

"A book which anyone with any taste for biography will enjoy reading for its own qualities of reasonableness, persuasiveness, beauty, and good writing." *The Times*

Cambridge University Press

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

AND SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION

by

HERMANN MANNHEIM

A plea for reconsideration of the conceptions of crime, and of the criminal courts, in the light of the present crisis in social and economic values, and the simultaneous changes in the methods of government and administration. 15*s.* net

To be published August 23.

In the International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction

KEGAN PAUL

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In the closing passage of Hume's Essay on Miracles occurs the celebrated sentence: "So that upon the whole we may conclude that the *Christian Religion* was not only at first attended with Miracles, but cannot at this Day be believ'd by any reasonable person without one." Having shown that miracles are contrary to the course of nature, and taking it for granted that Christianity is founded solely on miracles, he demurely congratulates himself that he has confounded those dangerous friends of the Christian religion who have undertaken to defend it by the principles of human reason: Christianity is founded on faith, not on reason, and those who think otherwise only expose it to a trail that it is by no means fitted to endure. Thus at one stroke Hume cut away the foundations of contemporary apologetics, and at the same time unconsciously opened a back door by which the faithful can escape from the ruined building. But the curious thing is that no one accepted his invitation. Not for almost a hundred years did the believers so despair of the hard facts that they resorted to psychology and intuition as a ground for their belief. Hume's opponents obstinately continued to fight him on his own ground. Paley's *Evidences* start from exactly the same point as Hume: Christianity is founded on miracles: if we can prove the miracles the rest will follow. It is simply a matter of weighing the evidence: the operations of the Deity are to be examined in the same light as those of any reasonable being, though being on a larger scale they are admittedly more difficult to understand.

The long-respected Paley sums up this whole school of argument against the Deists and sceptics; in doing so he wrote what is probably one of the most successful textbooks on record. The *Evidences of Christianity* survived all the tumults of the nineteenth century, and remained (believe it or not) a set book for the Little-Go at Cambridge until 1920. When Sir Timothy Shelley discovered that his son was an atheist he proposed to bring him back to the fold by reading Paley's *Natural Theology* with him. Paley's success was certainly not due to any particular theological unction. He was pious, in the words of a famous epitaph, without enthusiasm. He particularly begs us to observe that "our Saviour uttered no impassioned devotion. There was no heat in his piety, no vehement or rapturous ejaculations." He maintained that no one could be expected to believe all the thirty-nine articles because, as far as he could see, they contained about two hundred and forty distinct propositions, many of them inconsistent with each other. But he refused to sign a petition for relaxing the terms of subscription to them, on the grounds that he could not afford to keep a conscience. On the other hand, he was entirely free from that truckling for advancement which was the industrial disease of the eighteenth-century church: his preferments came unsought, and he was at all times completely contented with the situation in which he found himself. When someone objected to one of the examples in his *Moral and Political Philosophy*, because it was so undignified that it would prevent him becoming a bishop, he replied: "Bishop or no Bishop, it shall go in." And he never did become a bishop; he remained archdeacon of Carlisle and rector of Monk-Wearmouth; kept his Yorkshire accent; enjoyed playing whist; and amused his neighbours by his strange feats of horsemanship in the park. And after his death his friend Mr. Hall of Grantham called him "the best and ablest man, in my judgment, that I ever saw, heard or read of."

The *Evidences* is surely not only one of the most successful, but also one of the best, text-books ever written, a model of clarity and lucid exposition. The argument is simple:

> One would imagine, to hear some men talk, or to read some books, that the setting up of a religion by dint of miraculous pretences was a thing of everyday experience; whereas I believe that, except the Jewish and Christian religion, there is no tolerably well authenticated account of such a thing having been accomplished.

He examines the Scriptures throughout as ordinary historical documents, in manner quite incompatible with belief in verbal inspiration. He shows no trace of the fundamentalism of the nineteenth-century opponents of Lyell and Darwin. Yet why, with all this lucid common sense, does his line of argument seem so incredibly remote? Simply because Paley does not know one or two things which at that time he could not possibly have known. The critical lucubrations of Tübingen were yet unheard of, and the more radical scepticism of Loisy. Paley could have no reason for treating the Gospels as other than what they appeared to be, or their authors as other than contemporary chroniclers. And in spite of Hume, Paley had not as much reason for doubting the reliability of human testimony as his later readers have. He had not read Myers' *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, or *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. For him the fact that sincere men in a state of reasonable mental health believed that they had seen something was sufficient evidence that it had actually happened. When he had demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the New Testament writers all told substantially the same story, and suffered for having told it, he had done all that was necessary, since no man suffers persecution for what he knows to be untrue.

But where we are most conscious of the great gulf fixed by the nineteenth century between us and the earlier certainties is in the treatment of natural theology. To eighteenth-century believers the whole course of nature supported, if not Revelation, at any rate the major hypotheses of natural religion. This is the argument of Butler's *Analogy*, the Summa Theologica of eighteenth-century orthodoxy. God's moral dealings with mankind were all of a piece with his dealings with the natural world, and study of the natural world could only confirm belief in the religious order. The flattest and most commonsense statement of this creed is the argument from design: and to this Paley devotes his masterpiece, the *Natural Theology*. If we found a watch upon the ground we should immediately see that it must have had a maker. The thing is obviously the result of planning, and this remains equally true even if we do not fully understand its construction and if the watch sometimes goes wrong. Nature affords examples of mechanism more wonderful than a watch: the more we study it the more surely are we led back to the necessity of an intelligent Creator. Examples are so numerous and so obvious that it is only a matter of selecting and classifying them to make the demonstration conclusive. All of which Paley does with indefatigable energy and considerable charm; a charm that is rather surprising when one considers that all the anatomy was laboriously swotted up for the purpose. The mechanism of the eye is described, the ball-and-socket joint upon which the head turns, the epiglottis, the course of the chyle into the blood and the ligaments which bind down the tendons at the wrist and instep. Any one of these suffices to prove the existence of an intelligent designer. The last Paley regards as especially convincing. The tendency of the tendons is to start up; the ligament opposes this and ties them down; no amount of Lamarckian striving on the part of the creature could produce such an effect, which was clearly planned from the beginning. The æsthetic aspect of our frame, its symmetry and beauty, is equally evidential. Consider only how "it is the most difficult thing that can be to get a wig made even; yet how seldom is the *face* awry." The skin is not only pleasing to the sight, but serves to conceal from us the horrifying, if ingenious, spectacle of our own interior workings. "Were it possible to view through the skin the mechanism of our bodies, the sight would frighten us out of our wits." No less remarkable is the fact that the eyes look in the same direction as the legs move: "it might have happened very differently if it had been left to chance." We must consider, too, the many ingenious provisions that have been made for the convenience of the brute creation. Take the babye rouessa, or Indian hog: "he has two bent teeth more than half a yard long growing upward from his upper jaw, useless alike for attack and for defence." These might seem, therefore, to be both a superfluity and an encumbrance. But observe the event: the animal sleeps standing; and in order to support its head, hooks its upper tusks upon the branches of trees." In like manner the extreme slowness of the sloth might be considered a defect by the careless observer; but in fact it is a compensation for his voracity. He fasts during his passage from one tree to another; if he were able to move more quickly he would be eating all the time and would suffer torments of indigestion.

But the most striking evidences of design are found in the inter-relation of parts—crowning example the relation of the sexes.

> The relation between a key and a lock is more obvious than it is between different parts of a lock . . . Nor do the works of the Deity want this clearest species of relation. The *sexes* are manifestly made for each other. They form the grand relation of animated nature; universal, organic, mechanical; subsisting, like the clearest relations of art, in different individuals; unequivocal, inexplicable without design. So much so that, were every other proof of contrivance in nature dubious or obscure, this alone would be sufficient. The example is complete, nothing is wanting to the argument. I see no way whatever of getting over it.

With the large-scale operations of the Deity Paley is slightly less at home. "My opinion of Astronomy," he remarks, "has always been that it is *not* the best medium through which to prove the agency of an intelligent creator." Unlike Pascal or Sir James Jeans, he is not in the least frightened by the eternal silence of the infinite spaces; but his inveterate cheerfulness is more satisfied by the smaller and more familiar aspects of the natural world. For he is cheerful above all things. To him it is perfectly clear that there is a great preponderance of happiness over misery in the world. He is indeed troubled by a suspicion that the venomousness of snakes, though doubtless necessary, is *greatly overdone*. But this is not really so: the Abbe Fontana finds that "it requires the action of five exasperated vipers to kill a dog of moderate size." True, there is pain and sickness to be considered, but these are not without their compensations. "A man resting from a fit of the stone or gout is, for the time, in possession of feelings which undisturbed health cannot impart." Paley knew; he had the stone himself. And disease is not so serious as we are apt to make out: most people recover, anyhow.

> It is a happy world, after all. The air, the earth, the waters teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or in a summer's evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crown upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born *flies* are trying their pinions in the air, their sportive motions, the gratuitious activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose testifying their joy and the exultation they feel in their lately discovered faculties . . . Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification . . . If we look to what the *waters* produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they do not know what to do with themselves.

Happy Paley! Need we add that he was a devotee of fishing, and in its cheerful solitude had passed "some of the happiest hours of a sufficiently happy life." How kindly Providence must have dealt with him, that such arguments never failed to carry conviction to his mind! For him it was all very simple. Democritus, he tells us, has given us the alternatives—we can have God or the atoms: and our age has chosen the atoms. But perhaps for us the choice has been more difficult. Of all the kindnesses that his beneficent Creator bestowed on Paley, probably the greatest was to arrange for him to die, at a decent old age, in 1805.

GRAHAM HOUGH

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN

The American Rhodes Scholarships. FRANK AYDELOTTE. *Princetown University Press.* $1.

Dr. Aydelotte, the American Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees, has written something more than a review of the American Rhodes Scholarships. In this concise and exciting book, he describes the development of Rhodes's idea through the seven drafts of his will, the methods used by the American trustees for putting the idea into effect and the influence on American life of the American Rhodes scholars during the last forty years. In so doing, he challenges the reader to rethink the philosophy of Anglo-American relations. I hope that the paper shortage will not prevent an early publication of this book in Britain.

Dr. Aydelotte rightly stresses the influence of Ruskin on Cecil Rhodes. In 1873 Rhodes was a freshman at Oriel and in the same year, Ruskin was leading his "working party" of dons and undergraduates in the famous enterprise of building the road from Oxford to the nearby village of Hinksey. Pioneer-work on the Hinksey road, in Ruskin's intention, was part of the education for the revival of Britain, outlined in his Inaugural:

> And this is what she must either do or perish: she must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men—seizing every piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching these her colonists that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country, and that their first aim is to be to advance the power of England by land and sea: and that, though they live on a distant plot of ground, they are no more to consider themselves therefore disfranchised from their native land, than the sailors of her fleets do because they float on distant waves.

Four years later, Cecil Rhodes, sole owner of all holdings in the De Beers mining company, member of the Cape Parliament—and Oxford undergraduate—wrote his first will. While reading for a Pass degree, which he finally obtained in 1881, he defined his aim:

> The extension of British rule throughout the world, the perfecting of a system of emigration from the United Kingdom and of colonisation by British subjects of all lands wherein the means of livelihood are attainable by energy, labour and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British settlers of the entire continent of Africa, the Holy Land, the valley of the Euphrates, the islands of Cyprus and Candia, the whole of South America, the islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain, the whole of the Malay archipelago, the seaboard of China and Japan, the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire, the consolidation of the whole Empire, the inauguration of a system of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament . . . and finally the foundation of so great a power as to hereafter render wars impossible and promote the best interests of humanity.

At this stage the bequest was to be spent on the formation of a secret society, modelled strictly on the Order of Jesuits. But how different were to be the members of Rhodes's Order. In his fantastic *Confession of Faith*, he states, "I contend that we are the finest race in the world and that the more of the world we inhabit the better it is for the human race. Just fancy those parts which are at present inhabited by the most despicable specimen of human beings. What an alteration there would be in them . . . I contend that every acre added to our territory means in the future birth to some more of the English race who would otherwise not be brought into existence." In certain ways the *Confession of Faith* is as mad and half-educated a document as *Mein Kampf*; and Rhodes's first idea of the type suitable for his secret society is also not unfamiliar to the student of fascism. Primarily they are to be men of ability and enthusiasm who cannot fit in with the current political system, younger sons with high thoughts and aspirations but without opportunity, rich men whose careers have been blighted and men of wealth with no aim in life. In brief, the misfits of the upper classes are to become the missionaries of a "church for the extension of the British Empire."

Even at this early stage, however, Rhodes's concept of the British Empire was Anglo-Saxon rather than English. In another document he proposed that the new Imperial Parliament should be held alternately for five-year periods in Washington and London. He was already moving towards the concept of Anglo-Saxon co-operation which induced him later in his life to include Germans among the recipients of Rhodes scholarships. It was the world dominance of British institutions and Anglo-Saxon stock, saved from capitalist degeneration by colonial pioneering, which was to be the grand objective of his British Jesuits.

In 1890 the Rhodes idea received its first major modification. In December of that year he attended a dinner of graduates of Grey College, Bloemfontein, and suddenly saw in the devotion of the old members of the college a new ideal—the *open* conspiracy. He began to plan for a teaching university in Cape Colony and ordered his architect to build an exact duplicate of Oriel College on Table Mountain. In his own words the university was to be financed "out of the Kaffirs' stomach" and in his fifth will, signed in 1892, though he keeps the idea of the secret society, he adds a bequest for a residential college.

Then, on shipboard to South Africa, he seems to have had doubts. In a letter to a friend he argued that the South African university might promote a feeling of South African separatism counter to his central idea. Out of this doubt the idea of the Rhodes scholarship was born. In his sixth will, composed in 1893, the secret society was omitted and there was substituted for it the education of young colonists at Oxford University. Instead of an Order of Jesuits, selected from rich misfits, he now sees, as the foundation of an Anglo-Saxon world-power "so great as to hereafter render wars impossible," the free education of young men from every Dominion and from America in an old and traditional English university. What was to have been achieved by a Jamieson raid on a world-scale is now seen as a slow process of liberal education.

How has the plan worked in practice? It is easy to forget now that the American Rhodes Scholarships, until the end of the first world war, were a comparative failure. Partly owing to the compulsory Latin and Greek at Oxford, and partly to sheer lack of interest, it was extremely difficult to get sufficient applicants to fill all the places, and between 1904 and 1918 there was only one year when all the available scholarships were filled. Then in 1918 came a complete reorganisation on a regional basis and the decision to use old Rhodes scholars in the selection of candidates. Since then the numbers of applicants and their quality have enormously improved and American Rhodes scholars are now only second to Australian in their academic record. In his chapter on the achievement of Rhodes scholars in American life, Dr. Aydelotte shows that the vast majority have gone into education and law and a negligible number into politics, either directly or indirectly as journalists and broadcasters. This, as he rightly argues, is in accord with the later development of Rhodes's ideal. By the end of his life this strange man had realised that world domination through a secret society of Anglo-Saxon supermen would bring neither world peace nor Anglo-American unity. What was needed was an "open conspiracy" of English-speaking peoples, based on common education and common ideals and resolutely avoiding both the exclusiveness of racialism and the aggressiveness of the "leadership principle." His American scholars are now selected not because they possess the self-assertive qualities of the young Cecil Rhodes, but for that moral and intellectual courage which stands up for unpopular ideas against vulgar public opinion. They are not, as Rhodes had originally desired, tough athletes, but intelligent men who like playing games; not wealthy social misfits bu men with a social conscience.

The young Rhodes would have found much t encourage him had he lived in the world o 1946. The Anglo-Saxon bloc, which presume to create world peace by enforcing its will o inferior races, is again in vogue. The be tribute to Cecil Rhodes' intellectual developmen is that he discarded in 1893 a romantic Anglo Americanism which Mr. Churchill has not ye outgrown, and against which the best America Rhodes Scholar will always contend.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A HIGHBROW ON HIGH HILLS

Mountain Holidays. By JANET ADAM SMITH *Dent.* 15s.

The life and the outlook of the Alpine people have been transformed in the course of a centur by the development of mountain sports, and it just as lop-sided to ignore mountaineering an ski-ing in a discussion of Switzerland as to trea Switzerland as if it were a mere "Playground o Europe." Mrs. Adam Smith's book strikes th happy medium between the writings of the mer mountain athlete, for whom the Swiss peopl only exist as guides, and the special number o *Horizon*, devoted to Switzerland, which was ful of good things, but which gave the impression o being written by unathletic highbrows fo unathletic highbrows. The mountains which ar ignored in *Horizon* are the main but not the onl interest of *Mountain Holidays*. Janet Smith i an expert rock climber who can *lead* the kind o climb which, in my youth, was attempted onl by the élite, as, for instance, the Crowberr Ridge, and both she and her husband, Michae Roberts, have proved that they can dispense wit guides on first-class Alpine peaks, but she i equally familiar with the literary and artisti associations of the country. Few indeed are th climbers who have heard of Francis Towne pioneer of mountainscapes, one of whose work is reproduced in this book. Most mountaineer are well read in the great classics of their sport but comparatively few are equally versed in th literature of Alpine travel. Janet Smith re members Mummery when she climbs th Mummery crack on the Grépon, and she also recalls Thomas Gray and Horace Walpole i connection with Mont Cenis. She forget neither Whymper at Zermatt nor St. Anselm a Aosta, and even remembers the Rev. Georg Cheever who passed this way in 1845 and wh was grieved by the fact that "the city of Aosta lying under an Italian sky, and out of com munication with the Gospel, has always remaine in allegiance to the Pope and Tradition."

The charm of this delightful book is partly du to the authoress' talent for characterisation. Th people whom she meets on her travels, guide and innkeepers and gendarmes and douaniers al come alive in her pages. A *contretemps* at French frontier suggests that her husband is on of those liberal-minded men who become veritable John Bull when they land at Calais.

> A gendarme stopped us and asked to see ou papers . . . Michael, who rather likes a nice French row, was truculent. "They can't have much t do in this town," he said in French, rather loudly and added some comments on a successful burglary which, according to a three-day-old paper, wa baffling the Bellegarde police. The gendarme wa furious . . . Michael played the part of an English man to the full, and thoroughly enjoyed himsel . . . I begged Michael to be conciliatory.

Myself an impenitent highbrow, I enjoyed th engaging mixture of high-browism and high hil adventure in this book. I sorrowed with Jane Smith when she was marooned in a lonely in with no literature other than my ski-ing manua and *Weldon's Ladies' Annual*, and I shared he joy when books for review pursued her, as he book has just pursued me, into Alpine recesses This intersection of two worlds, highbrow an high hill, has even transformed a dream Joa into a mountaineer. "That night I dreamt tha C. E. M. Joad (whom I have never met no

particularly wish to) had fallen off Monte Rosa."

Few dreams are more wildly improbable, but Joad might, perhaps, find in this book a more satisfying answer than the answer which he extracted from me at a Brains Trust session to the question "why do men climb?" Joad's own solution was to equate the mountaineer with the Negro who kept on hitting his thumb with a hammer because it was so nice when he stopped hitting his thumb. I remembered Joad's Negro the other day. I had persuaded a friend to take me up one of the fancy routes on the Riffelhorn. I was completely untrained, and twenty years older than on the last occasion when I tackled difficult rock. It was humiliating to do badly what one had once done well, to feel depressed rather than elated by the thought that one could spit a mile, to dislike exposed traverses, and to be grateful for an occasional friendly hoist, but in some queer way it was glorious to recapture the ghost of past experiences, more wholly satisfying than any which have come my way in the journey through life.

Mountaineering is one of the ascetic sports, and the basis of asceticism is the belief that the highest forms of happiness are the by-product of self-discipline, hardship and pain. And it is this ascetic experience which gives to mountaineering that queer touch of partial mysticism which sets mountaineering apart from all other sports. If St. Augustine had taken part in that particular Brains Trust he would probably have repeated what he had already said in another connection, and helped me out of my difficulty by quoting "Si nemo me quaret, scio. Si quarentis explicari velim, nescio." Janet Smith puts the same thought in different words.

Here, on this highest point of Monte Rosa, I found again that pure shock of joy that is one of the reasons why we climb, but that does not come on every mountain top; when the splendour of the scene and the pleasure of the climb bring a sudden great sigh of elation, of fulfilment; when tears might come if it were not that they would complicate one's breathing. It is as impossible to recapture those moments of illumination when we see the meaning and pattern of our lives; but we can remember that we have been blessed.

Janet Smith describes the adventures of a party of schoolboys whom she and Michael Roberts introduced to the joy of guideless climbing:

Eleven boys and four masters who at any rate now knew that mountaineering was not just a rich man's game. It had taken Michael years to find this out. He had once wondered if he would ever possess the £10 necessary if he was some day to climb Mont Blanc.

Hundreds of young men who once regarded ski-ing and mountaineering as the sports of a class to which they did not belong have learned to climb and to ski in mountain warfare schools, and many of us are very much concerned to ensure that somehow or other the greatest of all sports shall be made more accessible to those of limited means. The Victorian Alpine Club was a rich man's club which provided a congenial atmosphere for those who had qualified for membership by a long list of first-class expeditions, but the club as such made not the slightest effort to introduce novices to the sport, or—like the Swiss Alpine Club—to reduce the costs of mountaineering by obtaining concessions on mountain railways. Thanks to the vision of Mr. Winthrop Young the British Mountaineering Council, on which all the British climbing clubs are represented, has been called into being, and this Council may in the future perform for the young and impecunious the same services which public-spirited individuals, such as Michael Roberts, have performed in the past. Those interested should write to the Secretary, c/o The Alpine Club, 74 South Audley Street, W.

ARNOLD LUNN

DETECTION AND THRILLS

Evidence of Things Seen. By ELIZABETH DALY. *Hammond.* 8s. 6d.
Murder Among Friends. By ELIZABETH FERRARS. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.
The Moving Toyshop. By EDMUND CRISPIN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Sweet Murder. By M. SCOTT MICHEL. *Hammond.* 7s. 6d.
Escape to Quebec. By MILWARD KENNEDY. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
The Fear Makers. By DARWIN L. TEILHET. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Strange Laughter. By LOUIS DE WOHL. *Lawson and Dunn.* 9s. 6d.

Supplies of proper detection are still ragged and not up to peacetime standard; and thrillers, with the blood of Nazi agents racing in their veins, are a jump behind the Atomic Age.

Miss Daly's method of murder is the best feature of *Evidence of Things Seen*. It is not unrecorded in the annals of detective fiction; but, if you have not met it before, it will probably bowl you out. The rest of the plot pays tribute to plucky, observant, little Mrs. Gamadge. (Is this to be the latest novelty? Are authoresses going not only to fall in love with their detectives but to extend their raptures to their detectives' wives? I hope not, indeed.) She gets into a jam through seeing a ghost do a murder. At least that's what it looks like; but the title is meant to deceive. The evidence of things seen would have landed Mrs. Gamadge in an asylum: so you can rule it out. Gamadge, you may remember, started his detective career in the book trade. Accordingly literary allusions are not lost on him—or on you either, if you are wise. Miss Daly uses an easy, unpretentious style which makes Gamadge's career a pleasure to read about.

Murder Among Friends is one of those plots specially built to fit some bright notion that has occurred to the author in the small hours. Miss Ferrar's notion struck her during the black-out; so much is clear from the context. It certainly is an ingenious way to get someone wrongly identified, we must grant that; but it is a frail vessel on which to keep a whole novel afloat. No wonder Miss Ferrars makes heavy weather of it. Her setting is a group of artistic people in London, one of whom slips upstairs during a party to murder the guest of the evening. Thenceforward we spend our time rummaging round the past lives of the artists for a motive. After the crime the lack of action is devastating. All we want to know is how the total stranger came to misidentify the person he saw on the stairs; and Miss Ferrars hopes to save that for the last page. But in that case she should not have revealed her scheme on the dust-cover.

Edmund Crispin's style already bears such a marked resemblance to that of Michael Innes that, when we find him borrowing a title from *The Rape of the Lock*, suspicion is almost confirmed. At any rate, even if the two do lead a separate existence, *The Moving Toyshop* is the equivalent of the latter-day Innes, in poking fun at Oxford dons, twitting the proletariat and humorously commenting on life in general, with the addition of a perfectly fantastic plot hurled with total disrespect at the reader. The scene of *The Moving Toyshop* is Oxford, where the toyshop moves overnight from one end of the city to the other; and just the thought of Oxford sends these highbrows off into peals of facetiousness. If you can laugh at Professor Fen you will like it; but heaven help you if you're expecting detection.

Sweet Murder makes a very low appeal. There is hardly any attempt to disguise this farrago of sex and sadism as a detective story. Wood Jaxon, Mr. Scott Michel's New York private detective, gets handed a case of two strangled naked ladies

IN PURSUIT OF JUSTICE
The Story of Hugh Lister and his friends in Hackney Wick.
by ALICE CAMERON. 8s. 6d. net.
The story of a priest of the Church of England who found himself compelled to take active part in the social struggle in East London by his concern for those committed to his pastoral care. The group of men he gathered round him tell their own story of the way they rebuilt the life of the Trade Unions in their district, the strikes they carried through to success or failure, and the inspiration they gained from Hugh Lister's leadership. Lister himself died in action as a combatant officer in the Welsh Guards in Belgium in 1944. This book is the memorial his friends wish to raise to him.

PENS UNDER THE SWASTIKA
A Study in Recent German Writing.
by W. W. SCHÜTZ. 5s. net.
An examination of German literature under the Nazi regime in order to discover what signs there were of resistance, or opposition to the Nazis.

S. C. M. PRESS LTD.
56, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

SYLVAN PRESS

Book Society Recommendation
THE IGNORANT AND THE FORGOTTEN
BY CHUN-CHAN YEH
EIGHT STORIES AND A SHORT NOVEL WITH EIGHT ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS ON HAND-MADE PAPER BY BETTY DOUGHERTY
10S. 6D.
Publication date August 21st
24, MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
SYLVAN PRESS

a Clowder of Cats
"edited by W. S. Scott (Westhouse 8s 6d) is so beautifully produced, such a pleasure to handle and look at, that even a dog-lover will read it. The drawings are by Edwin Smith and the prose and poems about cats are selected from Chaucer to the present day."
JOHN BETJEMAN in the DAILY HERALD 8s 6d

JOHN WESTHOUSE 49 CHANCERY LANE LONDON

HOUR-GLASS LIBRARY
2/6 *each volume*
SELECTED STORIES
Now Available
1. RHYS DAVIES
2. FRED URQUHART
3. NORAH HOULT
4. JOHN BROPHY
Ready Shortly
5. ETHEL MANNIN
6. ELIZABETH BOWEN
In Preparation
7. FRANK O'CONNOR
8. MALACHI WHITTAKER
9. STEPHEN VINCENT BENET
10. GERALD BULLETT
11. ELIZABETH BERRIDGE
12. JAMES HANLEY
MAURICE FRIDBERG
DUBLIN : LONDON

by a swing drummer, to start the slugging and fornication. But let no one hope for pornography: this is just strip-tease. Still, Wood Jaxon must go one better in his next case; and he is heading downhill.

Both Milward Kennedy and Mr. Teilhet have some reputation in the detective world; but on this occasion they try their hands at thrillers. *Escape to Quebec* describes a Nazi plot to sabotage the Quebec Conference. An English agent insinuates himself into the plot by posing as a German prisoner of war in a Canadian prison camp. The narrative proves the imperturbability of our island race; the love interest is as cool and inhibited as a British cucumber; and the style is plain English, as we expect from Milward Kennedy. The adventures remain, but in the process of understatement the thrills seem to have vanished.

Mr. Teilhet flies to the opposite extreme. In *The Fear Makers* a war-shocked American hero returns to Washington, D.C., to find his pre-war mass-observation business being run as a defeatist racket. The note sounded is the lofty patriotic; the narrative is hysterical, the style garrulous and the love interest, with a green-eyed charmer, positively glutinous; while the thrills are so distracting that it is difficult to keep remembering what it's all about.

Strange Laughter is proclaimed "a fascinating extravaganza, but you will believe every word of it." If you can believe in astrology and Black Magic, and the demoralisation of a lordly British aircraft-designer by a Nazi agent of ineffable beauty and unspeakable iniquity, you will certainly welcome wonderful Doctor Zodiac's assistance to the British Empire, and be grateful to the publisher.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

COUNTRY KNOWLEDGE

The Countryman's Week-end Book. By ERIC PARKER. *Seeley Service.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is the perfect book for the right person, and givers of Christmas presents would be well advised to secure several copies before it disappears from the shops. It is not an anthology, as its title might suggest, but with the exception of about twenty pages is written throughout by that humane and charming naturalist Mr. Eric Parker. There is a little bit of everything in it. It tells you how to build a house, how to make a compost heap or a bird sanctuary or a walking stick, how to measure a tree. It explains that somewhat mysterious proverb about the oak coming before the ash; it disposes of the unkind and prevalent theory that we owe the introduction of the grey squirrel to Lady Astor; it tells you all about lightning conductors, wood fires, the Game laws, wild flowers, and the Severn Bore. Do you know why the plane tree grows so well in London? if not, you will find the answer here: because it flakes off its outer bark and thus rids itself of the choking soot. Have you ever heard of a mouse that sang? no? well, here you may read of one that could manage an octave, standing in an erect position, on its hind feet. As for rats, no one after reading Mr. Parker's paragraphs on rats in London could ever willingly live in that city again. But London plays a very small part, for this is essentially a country book. The creatures of hill, field, and wood are here; all kinds of birds; the mushrooms and the toadstools; the insects in their amazing diversity; the odd life of ponds; and even the Aurora Borealis. One section must not be forgotten, although it is not by Mr. Parker himself but is a lengthy quotation from *A Country Chronicle* by Brian Vesey Fitzgerald: the description of a badger's funeral, a strange nocturnal epic which is certainly among the most fascinating records of first-hand observation that it is possible to read.

After all this enumeration of attractions, it must be left to the reader to decide on the "right person" to whom he will give this book. Shall it be to a country-dweller who will find herein an amplification of facts already familiar? Or shall it be to a town-dweller who, vicariously discovering for the first time the lichened miracle of the bottle-tit's nest, finds himself transported into a world he had certainly not considered as coming into his scheme of things? The curious point is that such a book may appeal to both. The country-dweller's response is obvious; the townsman finds his pleasure in a subtler reason: the faint flattery which initiation into the ways of Nature always brings. Who, happening by chance on such rare sights as fox-cubs at play, does not feel irrationally that the credit is somehow his? and thus when patient observers like Mr. Parker take him by the hand and make him the freeman of their by-ways, the same momentary gratification creeps across his ignorance.

If it is not ungracious to argue with the author of so delightful a book, may I pick three small holes in Mr. Parker's accuracy? First, I am shocked to find him writing of new-mown hay, when what he means is new-mown grass. There is of course no such thing as new-mown hay, except on the label of a popular scent. Second, he informs us, correctly, that an employer must pay 15*s.* for an annual licence for his gamekeeper; but adds, incorrectly, "the usual licence for a man-servant." Such licences were abolished some years ago; the gamekeeper is an exception. Third, he might have modified his condemnation of the alder by reminding us of its uses in pile-building: the Rialto, for instance, stands on it, and so do parts of Ravenna and Amsterdam. But these are minor matters to pounce on in the midst of a feast.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

RESISTANCE OR ACQUIESCENCE?

Simiomata: A Greek Notebook, 1944-1945. By RICHARD CAPELL. *Macdonald.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A pointer to the way we are going is that with all its sadism Fascism has made its appeal throughout Europe to millions of prosaic and ordinary citizens; and the gas chamber superintendent stands finally revealed as a clerkly rather than as a brutish figure with his counterpart to-day in thousands at the greyhound or ice-hockey stadium. We know now that those willing to risk political martyrdom are a small minority; the overwhelming majority will at best acquiesce in the extermination of Poles, Jews, Communists, Fascists or whatever label is for the moment tagged to the victim. And the pre-1939 attempted compromise by Conservatism with the theories and practice of Fascism has spread a political sickness all the more serious since to-day, in Western Europe at least, it is the discreet ex-supporter of Petain and Rallis, Hitler and Victor Emanuel who can say "We, after the least sacrifice and resistance to evil have, after all, as you see, come off best." It is not only that the moral sickness of acquiescence exists: it is that we have made it pay.

Richard Capell—*Daily Telegraph* correspondent in Greece—though many of his own words would seem to contradict his final judgment, in this book writes off the Greek Resistance as very largely a ramp. A good part of Greek collaborationism is explained and smoothed away as being a defence against Partisan terrorism. Capell's book is valuable not only because it pictures the sickness of Greece, but because it mirrors also the sickness of those who can sympathise with Occupation Police Chiefs and Security Battalion leaders on the grounds (true enough) that some of them were willing to help the British against the Germans; not apparently considering that this is offset by the fact that simultaneously these same

MACLELLAN

Million
The Peoples' Review
Edited by John Singer.
Contributors to the third number include Mulk Raj Anand, Robert Melville, Harry Slochower, Hugh MacDiarmid, Paul Potts, Sid Chaplin, G. A. Wagner, David Martin, Patricia Ledward, John Manifold, etc. 2/6

New Short Stories, 1945-6
Edited by John Singer.
Contributors include Anna Kavan, Mary Lavin, John Waller, Hugh MacDiarmid, Mulk Raj Anand, Sid Chaplin, Henry Miller, Patricia Ledward, Fred Urquhart, etc. 8/6

One World
The Review of World Unity
Edited by John F. Stewart, F.R.S.G.S.
First number now ready.
Informative articles on Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Roumania, Lithuania, Latvia, and the Scottish West Highlands, by nationals of these Countries. Attractively illustrated. 2/6

Celtic Art
A series of 6 illustrated booklets showing methods of constructing Knotwork, Spirals, Key Patterns, Lettering, etc. Each book 2/6

MACLELLAN

BOOKS ABROAD

Books Abroad is a magazine devoted to reviews of books issued in foreign countries, to the work of foreign writers, and to the progress of writing and publishing abroad. It was founded in 1927 by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Each issue consists of 128 large octavo pages, closely packed with lively reviews, surveys, notes. Among recent contributors are Andre Maurois, Count Carlo Sforza, Heinrich Mann, Burton Rascoe, Heinrich Schnitzler, Chi Meng, Ernesto Montenegro, Oskar Maria Graf, Roger Caillois.

It is the only periodical of its kind in the English-speaking world; and is now available in a British edition at 4*s* 6*d* each quarterly issue or 18*s* a year (plus 1*s* postage). Prospectus from

PHOENIX HOUSE LTD
38 WILLIAM IV STREET
CHARING CROSS, LONDON

The Wetherdair "Perennial" Label

WETHERDAIR
"PERENNIAL"
The Impeccable
WEATHER COAT

If the cut could be copied and the tailoring matched the cloth would still remain exclusive for it is a special WETHERDAIR weave

from only the finest shops

WETHERDAIR LIMITED
BRADFORD & LONDON

WET WETHER WETHERDAIR

Instant HELP Speedy RELIEF!

Instant help—speedy relief from colds, chills, pain, nerve strain, etc.! That is often a pressing need. **It is just the sort of situation 'ASPRO' was created to tackle**—millions of 'ASPRO' users know how it responds to the peoples call. **'ASPRO' tablets give quick help**—they soothe pain away in a flash and calm the nerves as nothing else can. 'ASPRO' relieves rheumatic pain and banishes colds and 'flu overnight. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' does not only deal with surface conditions, it also **strikes deep at the underlying causes of pain and illness.** It restores your hope and courage and **you are well again.**

'ASPRO' acts! QUICKLY-SAFELY!

ASPRO Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

people were helping Germans to round up Partisans or Jews from Salonika.

Most of the book is straightforward *Daily Telegraph* stuff—Capell writes that there had been Civil War in Greece for a "year past." In fact the December conflict ought in fairness to be traced back to 1935. Capell writes vividly of the piles of corpses killed by Elas at Peristeri. There were, however, other corpses buried by the Gendarmerie, Police and Quisling Security forces throughout the years of occupation. These corpses were not forgotten by Mr. Gerald Barry when he wrote his report, and Mr. Capell might do worse than refer to that document even at this late hour, for it is fatal to base moral judgments on the counter-terror alone, even though such partiality complies with editorial policy.

Capell tells the story of the "massacre" of the Security Battalion in Kalamata after the German evacuation. Nothing is said about the generous Elas terms of surrender guaranteed personally by the American officer who conveyed them and their refusal by Pirotis, the Quisling—now called the "nationalist"—leader in Kalamata. Nothing is said of the burning of the Andarte village of Yannitsa and the murders of September 3rd by Pirotis' men only three days before the German evacuation, nor is anything said of the number of Resistance men shot in the town by Pirotis during the preceding years.

Capell quotes Kannelopoulos' statement that Elas killed 10,000 men in the Peloponnese. I would put the total Elas reprisals for the South and West Peloponnesos at about 200 murders (as distinct from killings in pitched battles)—a dreadful enough record but only a fractional repayment of the murderous debt incurred by the Right during the Occupation. The book is full of untidy half-truths; Capell mentions that 600 members of the S.B.'s were interned by the British at Spetsai. He does not mention that by mid-March all had been released. He states that British detachments arrived at Sparta in October just in time to prevent a massacre; in fact Sparta proper surrendered to Elas on September 16th—and there was no massacre. Capell answers in the negative the question he poses at the trial of the Occupation Cabinet Ministers: "Are the men in the dock properly to be called Quislings?" He would seem, however, to have peculiar views on the heinousness of collaboration, since on page 11 he describes the Middle East Army's anti-Royalist mutiny as "a wanton collaboration (with Germany) by the side of which the collaboration of the quislings cornered at Athens and their security battalions is a venial thing." Writing of fashionable Kolonaki—the Mayfair of Athens—he says: "Kolonaki's apprehensions . . . go beyond anything known at the Carlton Club. There is more than disapproval; there is fear. Kolonaki, so Western, apprehends what is savagely Balkanic and exterminatory in the menace of the Left." Here again we are back at the root of our own crisis; for it does not appear that Kolonaki felt the "exterminatory" nature of Nazism to any considerable extent, even though it reduced the Jewish population of Salonika from 60,000 to 600.

No one apart from a lunatic or the ineffable Mr. Siantos would attempt to mitigate the many cold-blooded murders committed by Elas. But Mr. Capell's book is in total implication a condonation of the infinitely greater number of murders committed by the Right. It is quite true, as he points out, that most British troops in action against Elas grew to hate them, but if tanks and aeroplanes are used against men who possess only small arms, the methods of such men when at close quarters are apt to be desperate and foul. Mr. Capell says "You cannot be both a Balkan expert and sensible; the states are incompatible." Ernst Toller, however, wrote the truth about this book years ago: "A good propagandist," he said, "must be a man born with only one eye." It only remains to add that the blurb on the jacket recommends the book as "an authoritative means of studying Greek problems."

LYALL WILKES

What's Cooking: Recipes for the Keen and Thrifty. By RUTH LOWINSKY. *Secker and Warburg.*

Those who know those useful, imaginative and, in their results, expensive cook-books *Lovely Food* and *More Lovely Food* will welcome a new collection of recipes, and of hints, from the same hand. *What's Cooking* is intended for the amateurs who now find themselves replacing unprocurable cooks. The recipes are very clear and planned with a realistic eye on the ration-book. A few are given both in pre-war and post-war forms to show how old recipes can be adapted to present conditions. The book is not only useful but well produced, and only two objections to it suggest themselves. First, mayonnaise can be perfectly well made with dried eggs (and, though not perfectly, with paraffin instead of oil). Secondly, the advice to overcook mutton is a shocking heresy: a slice of *pré salé* in France always wears a becoming and promising blush.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland 1½*d.*: *Foreign*, 1*d.*: *Canada*, 1*d.*

Week-end Competitions

No. 860

Set by Roger Marvell

The usual prizes are offered for an epitaph on an English country house. Not more than 12 lines; entries by August 20th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 857

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a character's opinion or reminiscences of the novelist who created him, e.g., Micawber on Dickens, Kipps on Wells. Length 250 words.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

A large number of entries, so good that they have bewildered me. I imagined that the relationship of novelist and character was one of hero and valet. It was obvious that Uriah Heep would not like Dickens; but would even Little Nell have admired him? Most novelists who have been detected in drawing from life have been called liars, at the very best; and one has had the impression that the large, privileged class of people who supply the originals of fiction, are captious, hypersensitive, and insatiable. That they do not, as a rule, recognise themselves, indicates an unusual complacency. It was a surprise, therefore, and a comfort to gather how well Mr. William Bliss's elder Shandy thought of Sterne; how poetically Miss Munson's Mrs. Dalloway felt for Virginia Woolf; what pleasure a large number of Kippses felt in Mr. Wells. I inclined with more favour, not to the disgusted—like Vivian Buckley's Soames Forsyte which was pretty good, or to Fergie's Mr. Stiggins which was admirable—but to the querulous ones. It's the little things that hurt. Here Jane Austen attracted the largest entry. And then, there was that equally strong feeling of inadequacy and frustration, nicely suggested by L. E. J.'s gorgeous Kipps: "Mr. Wells? Always kindness itself, but not a man you could call Dad." In more refined language M. Chisholm makes Albertine say much the same thing about Proust. I liked Sherlock Holmes's disturbing suggestion (R. C. Horwood) that Conan Doyle took to spiritualist research because he was *jealous* of his character's success in more mundane fields. There were one or two other Holmeses who thought poorly of their creator's observation. I have divided the prizes among six competitors who must be regarded as representative. Really there ought to be twenty prizes.

"There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray—"The Virginians"

WILLS'S
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES

EVERYBODY has been urged to take a holiday this year.

Many poor people who have borne the full brunt of merciless bombing throughout the war would love to get away, but there is no hope unless . . . .

With your help, the Church Army can give poor over-worked women and their children a heavenly respite, and give great joy to distressed gentlewomen.

Cheques, etc., crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," gratefully received by the Rev. Prebendary Hubert E. Treacher, General Secretary and Head, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT
10/174

This is the NEW

Perhaps this is your first sight of the new heavy aluminium kitchenware which has now found its way into every good store and shop.

This range of saucepans gives lasting economy both in years of wear and use of every inch of heating area. See Baleware before you refurbish your kitchen and send for leaflet and name your nearest retailer to:

NEW ERA DOMESTIC PRODUCTS LTD.
130 CRAWFORD ST., W.1. Phone: WELbeck 2535
D 5

A STANDARD POLICY

STRENGTH
STABILITY
SECURITY

Established 1825
Assets exceed £44,500,000

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
Head Office: 3 George Street, Edinburgh
LONDON: 3 Abchurch Yard, Cannon Street, E.C.4
15a Pall Mall, S.W.1.